THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1807 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 8 1934

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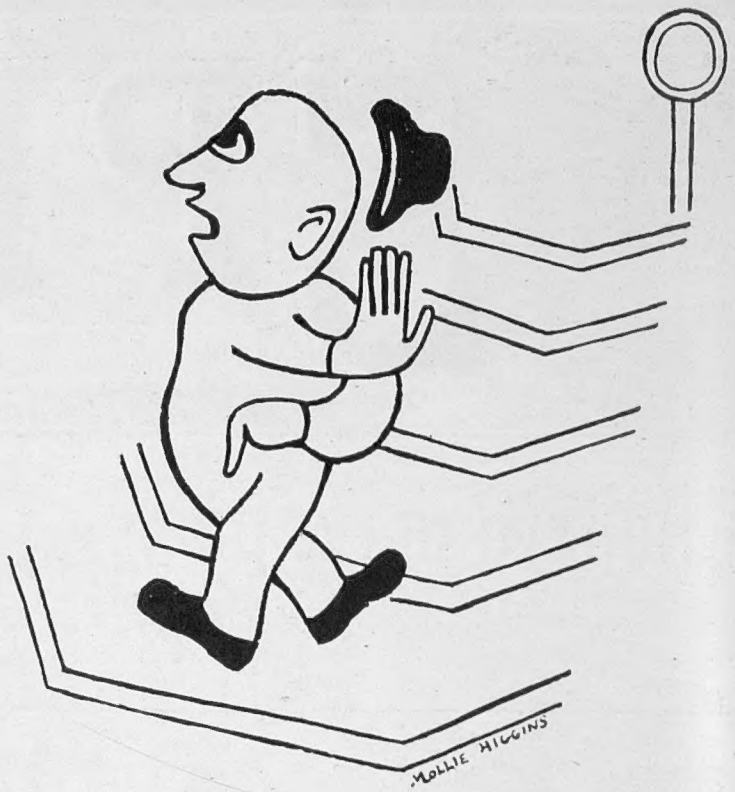

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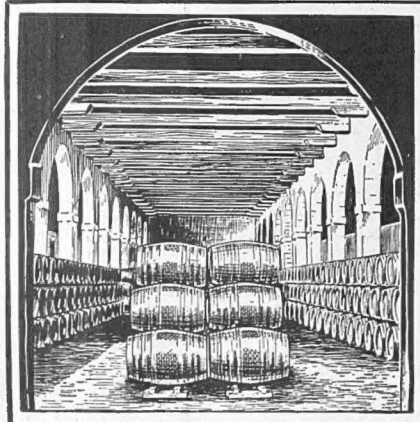

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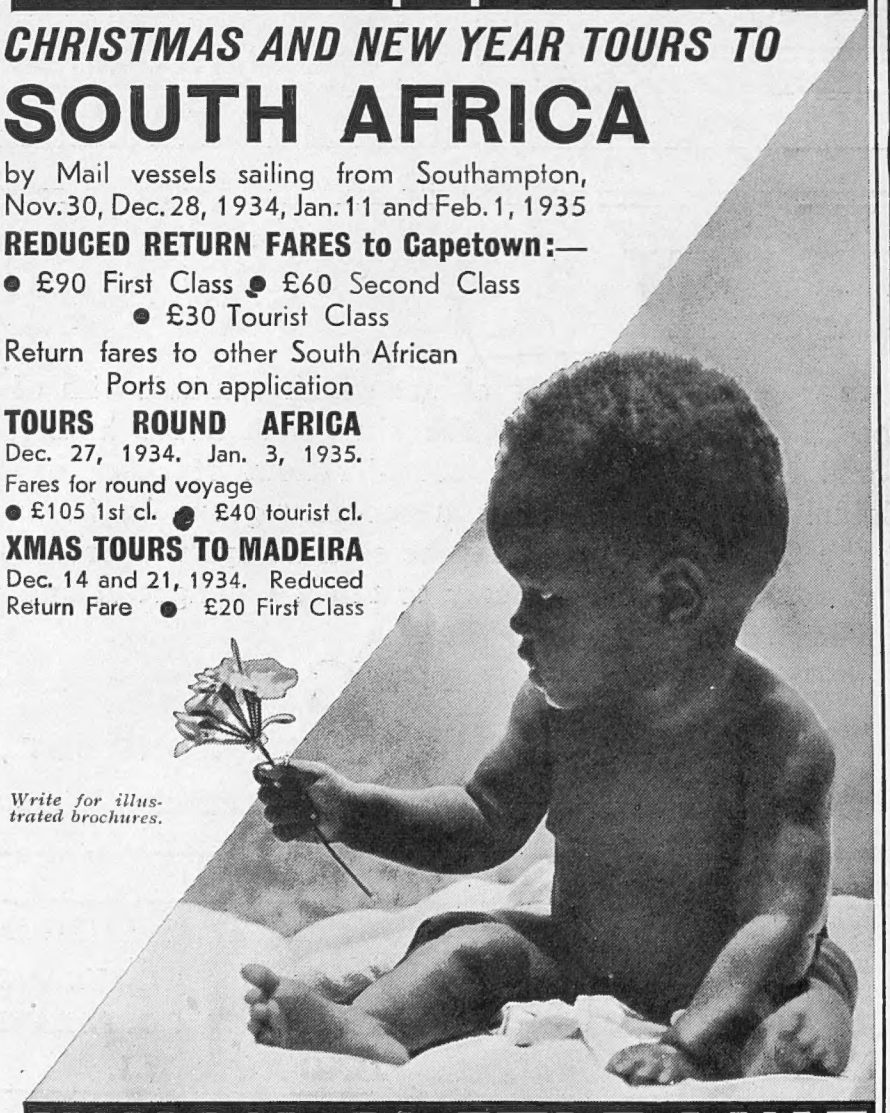

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whole City of Glasgow from John Brown's yard. Its gaunt sides tower over civic halls and the proud city buildings and church towers. To look at her from a quarter-mile away, you would say that when she takes the water she will displace enough of it to inundate both banks to a height of ten feet. A few Jeremiahs shake their heads and speak of the *hubris* of mortals playing the game of being gods, but the city as a whole means to make a great holiday of the ceremony. It will be none of their business to navigate the fearful, magnetic, obstinate monster through monster seas dead slow, and into narrow harbours to awkwardly situated berths. I believe her French rival is not smiled on by those who must drive her and navigate her, but Glasgow means to give the anonymous leviathan a triumphant christening. And Glasgow deserves a joy-day, for she has been through bad times and as many as 20 per cent. of her population are in receipt of some form of poor relief.

ULSTER'S LOYALTY.—I believe pigs have already flown, and I am prepared to believe that science may compel rivers to run up-hill and the moon to shine blue. But never for a moment have I imagined that Northern Ireland would, as a nation, "see no objection to entering an All-Ireland Parliament." It seemed to me indeed that Lord Craigavon was wasting energy in putting Ulster's determination to remain loyal to King and Empire so forcibly. It is quite true that United Ireland is desirable, but to suggest that under present circumstances it is *possible*, and further that to-day no reasonable Ulsterman could urge any sound objection to the proposal—that (it seems to me) invites the exclamation, "Gosh!" A United Ireland by all means, an Emerald Isle or what-you-please to call it, but the green must have a good part of its component blue washed out of it (leaving a very distinct hue of orange) before the ideal can become anything more than a fantastic dream. At the moment Ulster would share in negligible assets and would divide up a rich reserve among feckless shareholders if the amalgamation took place.

THAT ELUSIVE SPIRIT.—I am more than a little sorry that Sussex failed to retain its place at the head of the County Championship. No doubt it benefited by the fact that its rivals' stars were often translated to another place, but undoubtedly Sussex has given this year a more correct interpretation of the elusive spirit of the game than one or two of her sister counties. Indeed, it is a pity that the championship struggle was overshadowed by the Tests, because so much can be learned from the methods of different counties under their captains. The pinning down and cataloguing of that elusive "spirit of the game" is being forced upon the cricket authorities. They would prefer to mislay their butterfly net, but the Press and all our licensed humorists are catching the authorities themselves on the horns of a dilemma and there is nothing for it—if Test cricket and even county cricket are to retain their popularity—but to lay down laws for the spirit of cricket as they are laid down for whisky. Just so much under proof—no more and no less. The M.C.C. is not convinced that you can deal with the spirit of cricket as you can deal with whisky. But good may come if legislation can prevent the sale of really poisonous brands.

COCHRAN'S HIGHEST FLIGHT.—On September 1, when coveys rose everywhere from cover to face the guns, Mr. Cochran's big pack of 100 artists rose to face the big guns from the Opera House, Manchester. *Streamline* is being tried out in Lancashire and Mr. Cochran believes that his twenty-first review is a winner. What Lancashire says to-day London will say to-morrow. A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans wrote the book, Vivian Ellis is the principal composer. The scope is wide, from the Elizabethan age to our present discontents andabsurdities and triumphs. En passant, history is rewritten. We get a new view of Napoleon, of Gilbert and Sullivan, of the "naughty nineties," and of the rigidly virtuous and dull nineteen-thirties, of school-boys and marriage, and other hoary institutions. Tilly Losch dances sweetly and Nijinsky's daughter revives her father's famous leap, and Jana from Austria makes Lancashire forget the slump. And Florence Desmond and Meg Lemonnier and all the rest of the constellation exactly interpret Mr. Herbert's peculiar humour. A water-busman's holiday. Hindle wakes (and rubs his eyes).

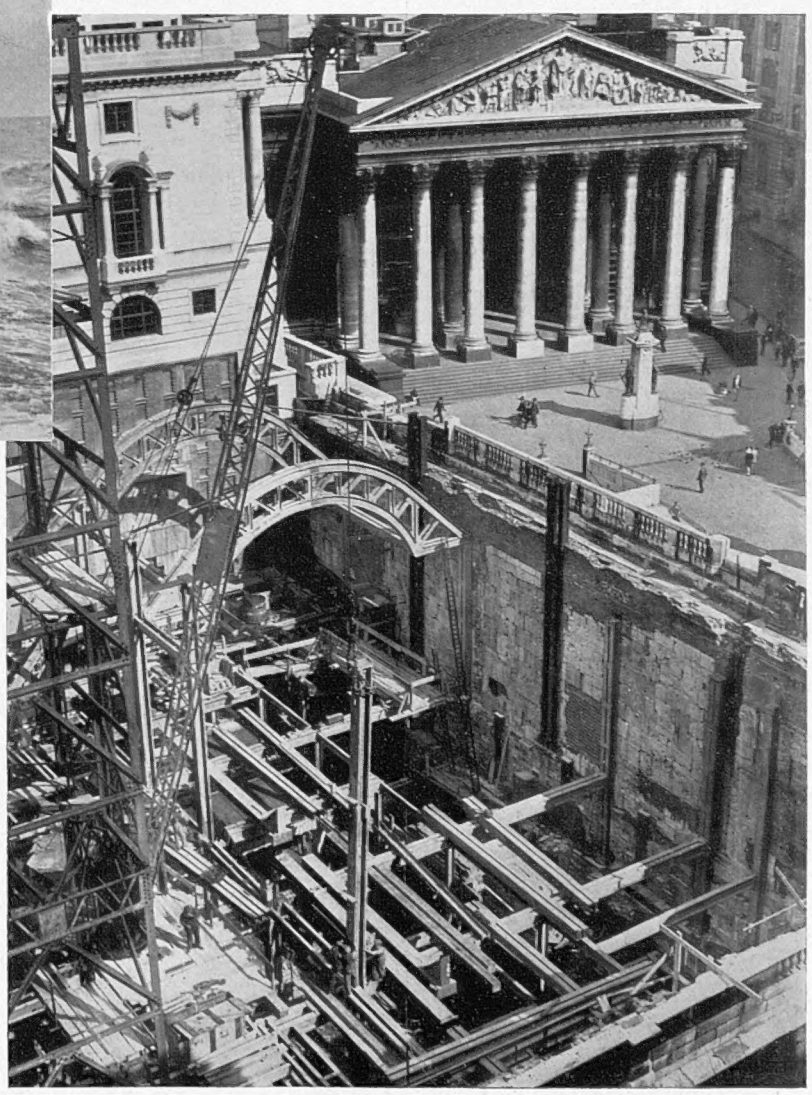
A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER ON HOLLYWOOD.—The doings and thoughts of Hollywood are of perennial interest to the film-fan British public and I can't do better than reproduce some observations of a naval correspondent made during a visit of the Fleet to San Pedro. He remarks on the warmth of hospitality received, and goes on: "At our dance on board I was told more than once that we appeared to be all actors, for our accent in ordinary conversation was just that which they were all painfully trying to acquire in Hollywood. Harold Lloyd most charmingly spent a whole afternoon showing us round his grounds. They extend for 16 acres and are continuously patrolled by four armed guards. No one has used his beautiful swimming pool for two months owing to an epidemic of infantile paralysis." [Not all jam, even for a Hollywood star.] "He has a nine-hole golf course—par 32—the record of 27 being held by T. D. Armour, and he plays a good game himself. We played golf matches and won a fast game of Rugby against a South Californian side, whilst an enjoyable game of cricket was wound up by supper at the home of Boris Karloff, himself a keen cricketer. Paramount and M.G.M. were the most interesting studios visited and many questions were asked by stars as to how their films 'went down' in England. Heather Angel, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, and Boris Karloff, among stars met with, impressed me most. The British are among the most popular. The ballet at the out-door theatre of the Bowl Club was the most spectacular thing I have ever seen, with 30,000 spectators." At Monterey my naval correspondent saw a Rodeo. Many of the performers were just back from London and oddly enough were quite polite about England. He saw no cruelty unless in the matter of tethering calves for branding or "decorating" the nose of a steer with a rubber band. The costumes were picturesque, the riding superb, and the humour and art of the announcer as brilliant as his horsemanship. For the rest, he gathered that America rejoiced at Cotton's golf win and wished we could put up a better Walker Cup Show, and took the defeat of Helen Jacobs at Wimbledon with unexpected philosophy

THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW LEADER: Commander Evangeline Booth, fourth daughter of the late General William Booth, who has been elected by the High Council to succeed General Higgins. She is sixty-eight years of age and is at present Commander-in-Chief in the United States. After the War President Wilson decorated her with the Distinguished Service Medal

CALLER HERRING.—To the drifter on the east coast of Scotland a cran of herrings is about as valuable as a guinea to Robinson Crusoe. Stupendous catches were made last week by Buckie drifters, a miraculous draught by which the nets brake and the vessels nearly capsized. And after all the labour and the risk the "lucky trawlers" dropped a third of their catch overboard. There is no market for the caller herring. Even when Russia comes into the market the relief is hardly felt. It is extraordinary to me that the herring is not more popular. Nothing so good to eat is half so cheap. Lucullus, tired of kickshaws and rich viands, should fall back with delight on a fresh herring cooked in oatmeal, for breakfast. Herring roe on toast is a savoury for a king. And not once a month does a herring in any form come my way. I cannot understand why it is so.

THE OLD STAGER

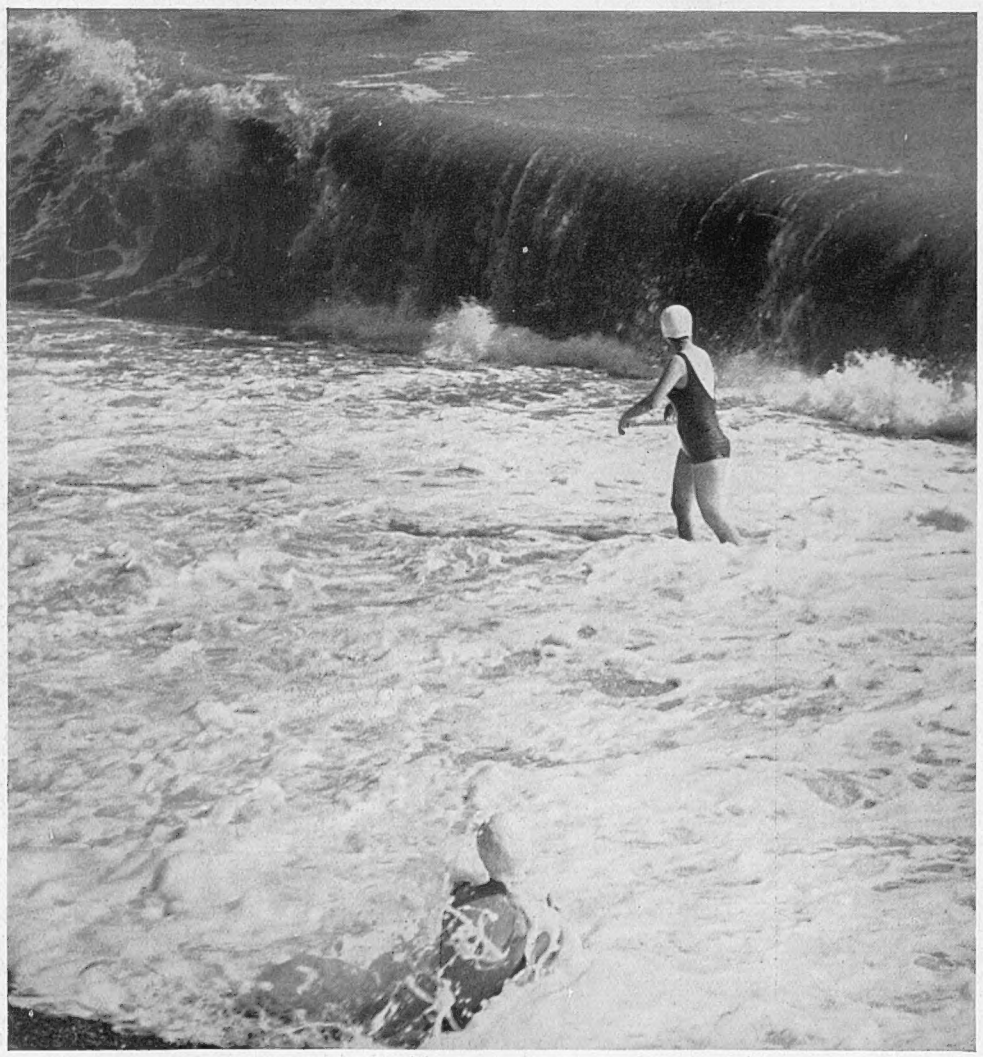
THE SAD PLIGHT OF A PLEASURE STEAMER: *The Duchess of Devonshire* being pounded by the waves after grounding on Sidmouth beach. About fifty passengers were on board when the mishap occurred, but all were taken off in safety



THE NEW LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: A picture showing the progress of the construction work on the Bank of England. It will be noted that the old outer wall, designed by Sir John Soane, is being retained

SEVEN DAYS

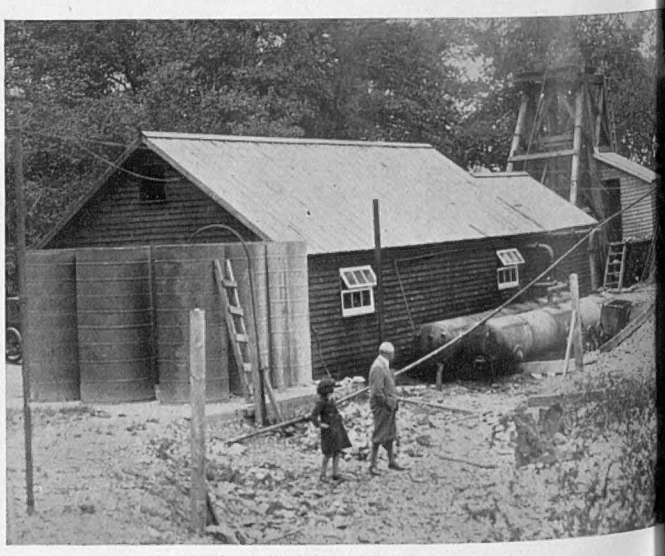
MAIL 'PLANES OF THE FUTURE: The autogyro which carried out an experimental flight this week to test the possibilities of collecting mails from the roof of the G.P.O. building at Mount Pleasant. It is hoped in the near future to use craft of this type to convey letters to Croydon Aerodrome, thus saving much of the time spent on the long road journey through traffic-filled streets. The idea was suggested by Group Captain Primrose, Air Adviser to the Post Office



BATHERS WHO BRAVED THE BREAKERS: A rough sea at Folkestone where September was ushered in by a series of violent storms

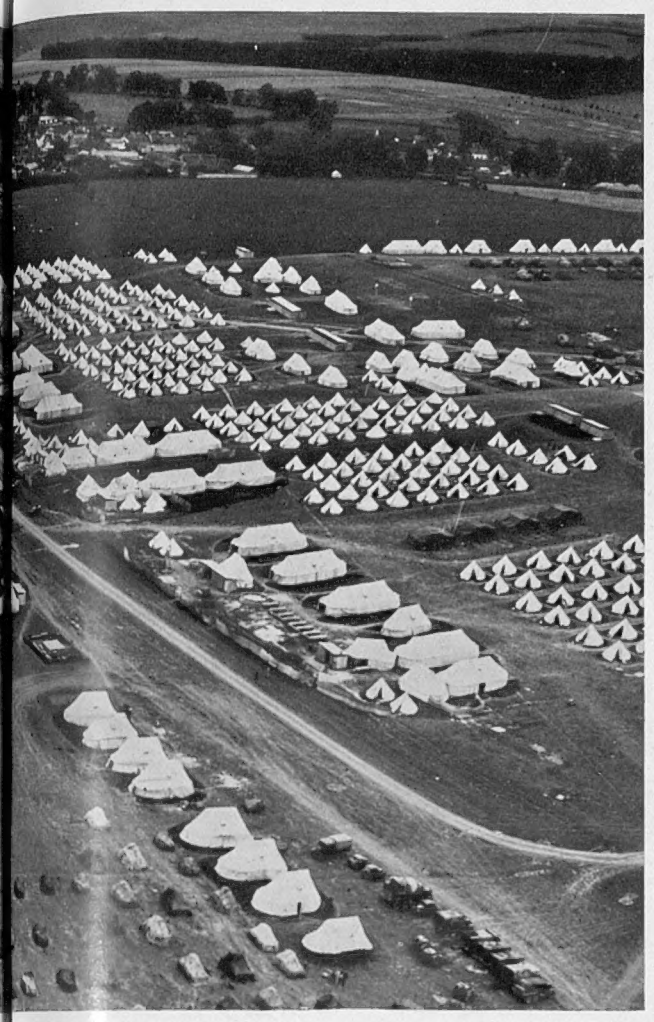
THE ARMY UNDER CANVAS: An aerial view of one of the camps where manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. In the foreground are rows of mot cava

ALL SMILES: Miss Helen Jacobs receiving the Challenge Cup from the President of the United States Lawn Tennis Association after she had won the Ladies' Singles title for the third year in succession. On the left is the runner-up, Miss Sarah Palfrey



THE WELSH "RAND": A mine at Pumpsaint, Carmarthenshire, where a private company is now engaged in digging for gold. It is on the site of workings opened by the Romans, but which were never fully exploited by them owing to the lack of adequate pumping appliances

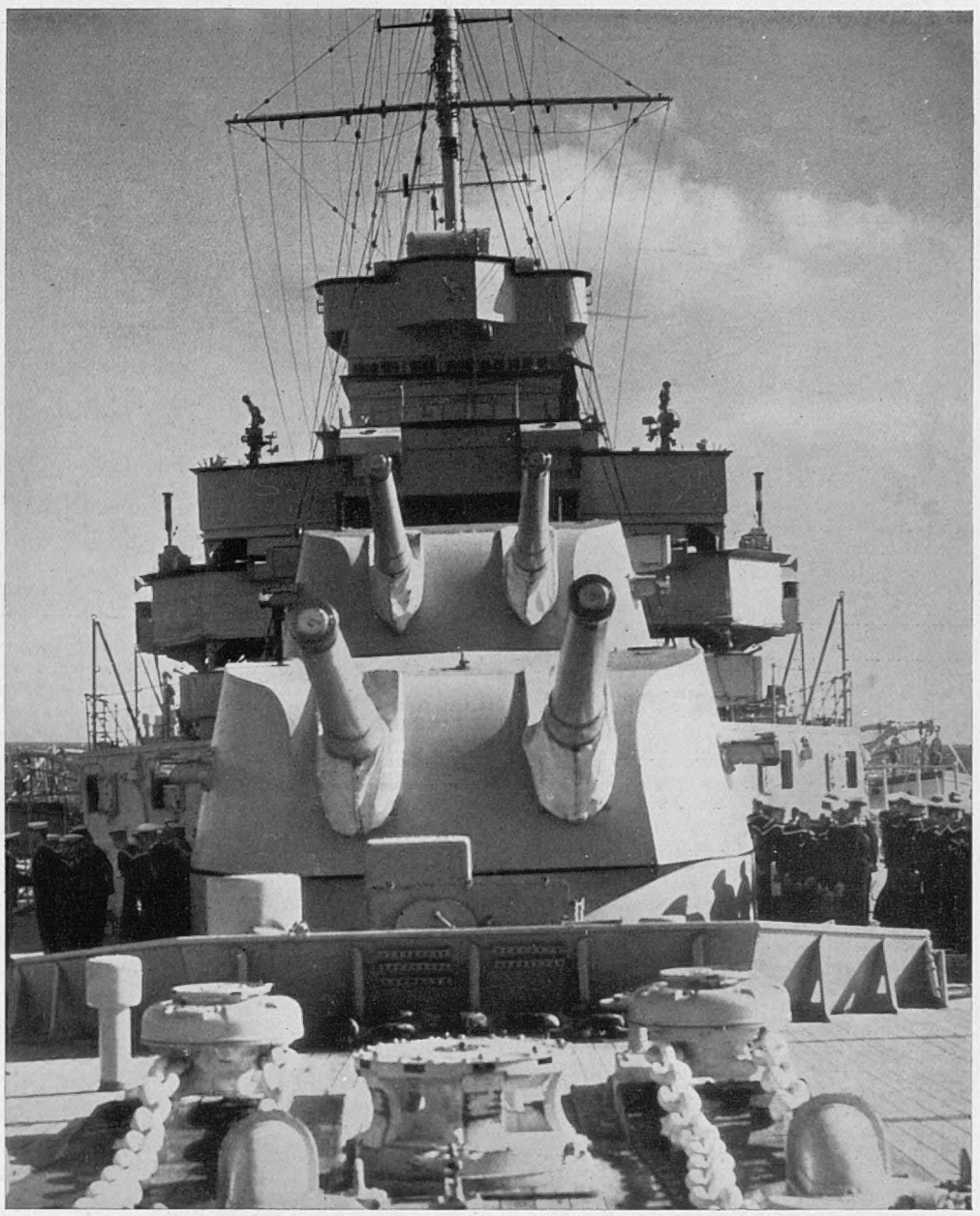
OF HISTORY



...everal thousands of troops have been concentrated for the annual ...rries, armoured cars, and tanks; modern counterparts of the ...ses

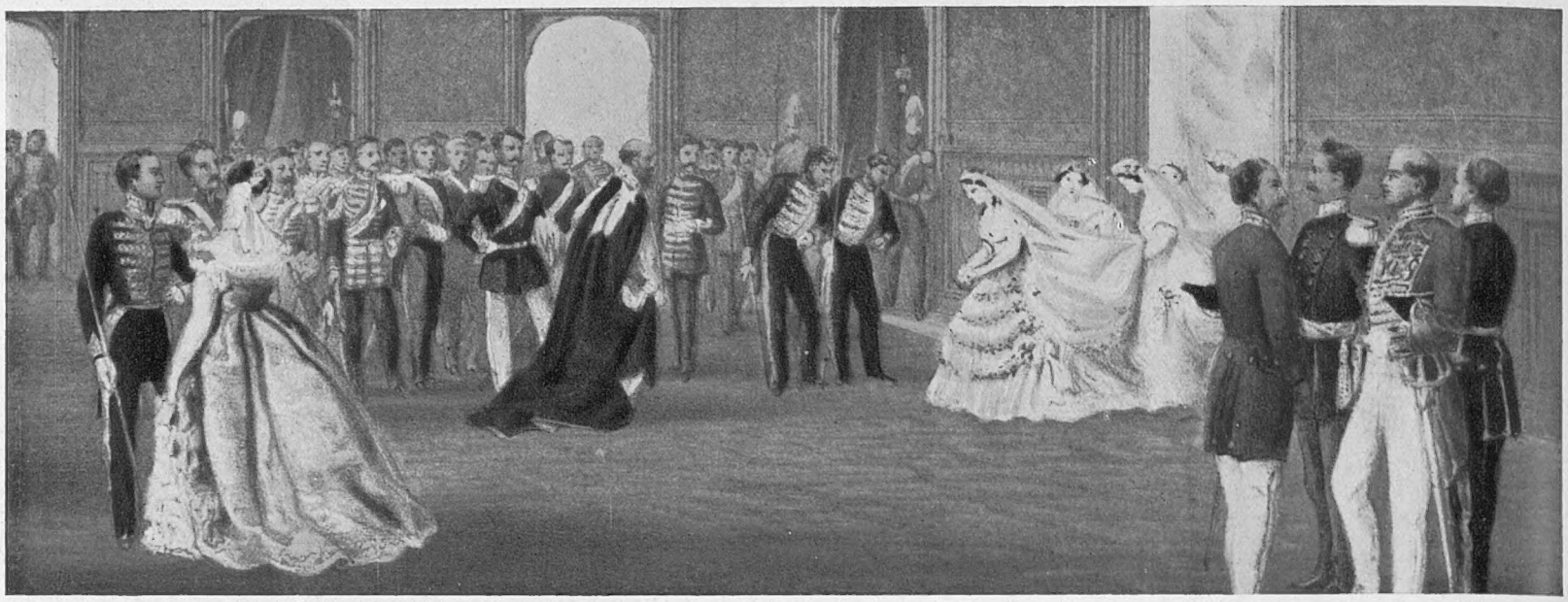
A SPILL AT QUARRY CORNER: A Riley car which turned turtle during the Tourist Trophy race in Ulster. The driver was thrown clear, but his mechanic went head-first into the brook. They were not seriously injured

ULSTER'S FIRST CIVIL AIRPORT: The scene at the opening ceremony which was conducted last Saturday by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland. It is at Newtownards, Co. Down, about eight miles from Belfast



BOUND FOR THE ANTIPODES: H.M.S. *Sussex*, the cruiser on which the Duke of Gloucester embarked at Marseilles this week and which is now taking him to Melbourne for the forthcoming centenary celebrations

A THRILLING STRUGGLE: Competitors in last Saturday's race for the Tourist Trophy on the Ards circuit, near Belfast. The winner was Mr. C. J. P. Dodson who drove Captain G. E. T. Eyston's M.G. Magnette and beat Mr. E. R. Hall's Bentley by 17 sec. Over 400,000 spectators lined the course and witnessed some spectacular cornering. Forty cars took part



MARSHALLING THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION: The scene in the temporary apartments adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10, 1863, before the state wedding of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) and Princess Alexandra of Denmark

Will It Be a State Wedding?

Or Will Prince George Be Married in the Same Way as the Duke of York and the Princess Royal?

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE dramatic suddenness of the announcement of Prince George's engagement to Princess Marina of Greece, following as it immediately did the former's flat denial of the rumour, has naturally thrown the daily newspapers into a turmoil of excitement and prognostication and guesswork. The probable date of the wedding, its whereabouts, the best man or supporters, even the number and names of the bridesmaids, have been bandied about with the most extraordinary anticipation—all this while the Prince was still in Jugoslavia and His Majesty at Balmoral. What most particularly must have entertained Royal circles has been the glib assurance of the daily newspapers that the wedding is going to be a state wedding; not that any of them, I fancy, had or have the slightest idea of what a state wedding signifies. In point of fact it would be quite remarkable if Prince George and Princess Marina are accorded a state wedding, the decision for which depends entirely on the monarch. The Duke of York did not have a state wedding, though many people thought he did. Nor did Princess Mary, as the Princess Royal then was. It seems highly improbable, therefore, if neither the King's second son nor his only daughter had a state wedding, that the King's fourth son will have one, particularly as he is still further removed from the succession by the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret.

Prince George is in the same position as the Duke of Albany was when he married on April 27, 1882, or the Duke of Connaught when he married in 1879. The last record I can trace of the ceremonial used at a state wedding was that of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) in 1863. Five years previously the Princess Victoria was accorded a state wedding when she married the heir to the kingdom of Prussia, afterwards becoming Empress of Germany. In each instance, as with our present King, the marriage took place at the Chapel Royal and not at Westminster Abbey.

BUT what is the difference between a state wedding and the wedding, for example, of the Duke of York? Well, there are several. To begin with, if it is a state wedding the plans—except for the seating accommodation in the Chapel or Abbey or Church where it takes place—are arranged by the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. Actually the details are carried out by the three Kings of Arms, the six Heralds, and the four Pursuivants. If it is not a state wedding the plans are arranged at the Lord Chamberlain's office. If it is a state wedding, it means that the great officers of State are present in the procession. These are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshal. These officers, with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are present at the state opening of Parliament.

In addition to them, all the Kings of Arms, Heralds, and Pursuivants are present officially, together with about eleven other personages who thus swell the total to about thirty more than usual. Furthermore, at a state wedding the Sword of State is carried in front of the monarch, usually by some senior member of the Government, such as the Prime Minister. Altogether, the enquiries I have made suggest that the last full state function, apart from the openings of Parliament (of which the public are allowed to see something), must have been the Coronation of the present King. It is a fact that if Prince George has a state wedding all sorts of ancient documents, rules of procedure, precedence, and ceremonial will have to be investigated before accuracy is reached. It is no good relying on memory. It was all too long ago. If, as is extremely probable, however, the wedding is on the lines of the Duke of York's, it is all quite simple.

What one notices particularly is the astonishingly clockwork way in which the whole function is synchronized. The guests invited to the ceremony have to arrive before 10.45—or did in the case of the Duke of York—at the special entrance to the Abbey allocated to them for the ceremony at 11.30. With certain exceptions the members of the Royal Family had to assemble not later than 11.5 to await the King and Queen. At exactly 11.7 Queen Alexandra left Marlborough House, arriving at the Abbey at 11.17. At 11.8 the King and Queen and Prince George left Buckingham Palace with a sovereign's escort of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, arriving exactly at 11.20, to be received by the Dean of Westminster. At 11.12 the Bride left Bruton Street, arriving at 11.28. At 11.13 the Duke of York accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry (his supporters) started off, arriving at 11.25.

In making their way to their seats on this occasion the procession of the King and Queen began with two gentlemen ushers, followed by way of the Comptroller and Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and leading up past the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain to the Empress Marie of Russia, Prince George, and Queen Alexandra, who were immediately in front of the King and Queen. As usual it tailed off, so to speak, by way of the Mistress of the Robes, the Master of the Horse, the Woman of the Bedchamber, the Lady of the Bedchamber, and the Lord in Waiting, down to the equerries of Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie.

On that occasion the wedding service began with Psalm 67, and was followed by "Praise my soul the King of Heaven." After the register was signed in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Mendelssohn's wedding march was played.

FROM the only complete record I can find of a state wedding it appears that the foreign Royalties and their attendants, together with the officers of State, collected in the Throne Room of St. James's Palace at 11 o'clock, the former being received by that now defunct dignitary, the Master of Ceremonies. Thence they were conducted in procession and shown to their seats by gentlemen ushers. The bridegroom turned up a little later accompanied by his supporters and was taken off to the Presence Chamber. The Royal Family, attended by a field officer's escort, then arrived at the Palace. The whole procession being then marshalled, it started off with drums and trumpets and the Deputy Sergeant (another office which I believe has disappeared into the limbo).

Other ceremonial aspects of the Prince's forthcoming wedding concern his elevation to a dukedom. There are any number of these vacant titles, many of them originally created by George III. The suggestion has been that Prince George may be made Duke of Edinburgh. And yet this title was passed over in favour of that of the dukedom of York when the King's second son was honoured. So perhaps it may be passed over again. There there are the dukedoms of Clarence and Albany. But here it is quite useless to speculate. As a very high authority pointed out to me the King is better acquainted with high titles of State than anybody else, including the Heralds themselves. And it is he alone who decides, without any advice from anybody.

IN THE MATTER of Prince George's armorial bearings, these, like those of his brothers and sister, have been completed long ago. Not even his elevation to a dukedom alters that.

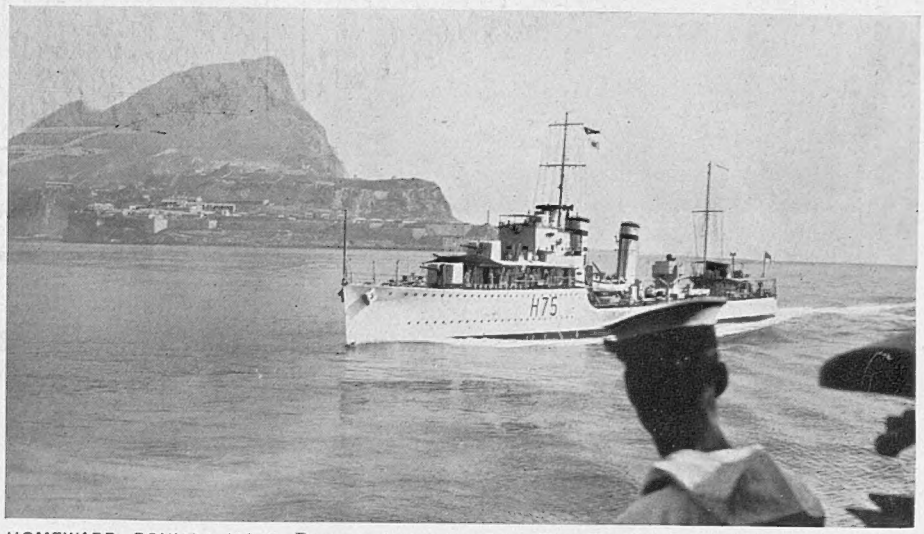
In conclusion it is, I am assured, extremely improbable that the wedding will be a technically state function as this was not accorded to the Duke of York. But probably only the Royal Family, the Heralds, and those of you who have read this article, are able to appreciate the distinction, the most noticeable being, of course, the absence of the Sword of State. Why, even Queen Alexandra did not have a state funeral.

ONE OF THE SIX HERALDS who arrange the details of a state wedding

FIGHTING FORCES

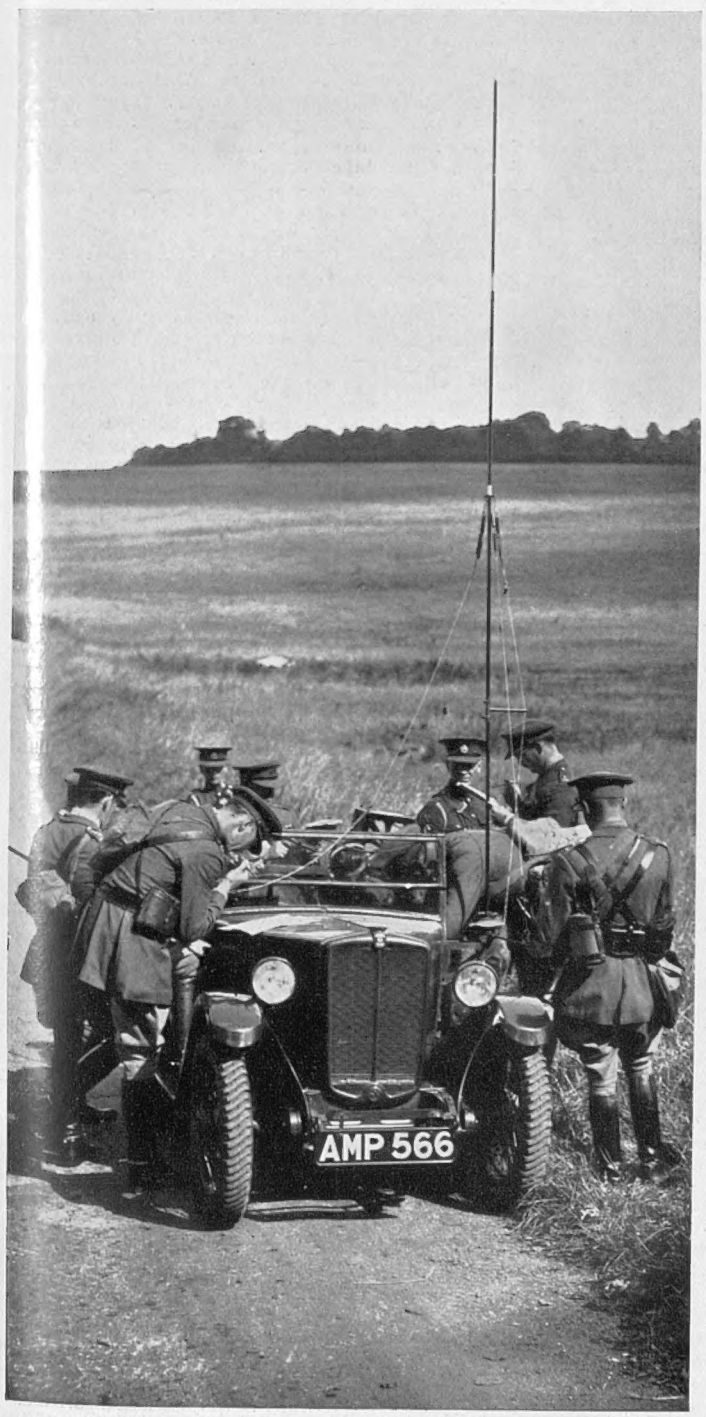
of Three Nations

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: A member of a Blue squadron in the cockpit of his fighting machine before taking part in the mimic aerial battle above Paris last week. The manœuvres, which were designed to test the city's defences, went in favour of the attackers who "annihilated" Le Bourget aerodrome with little difficulty

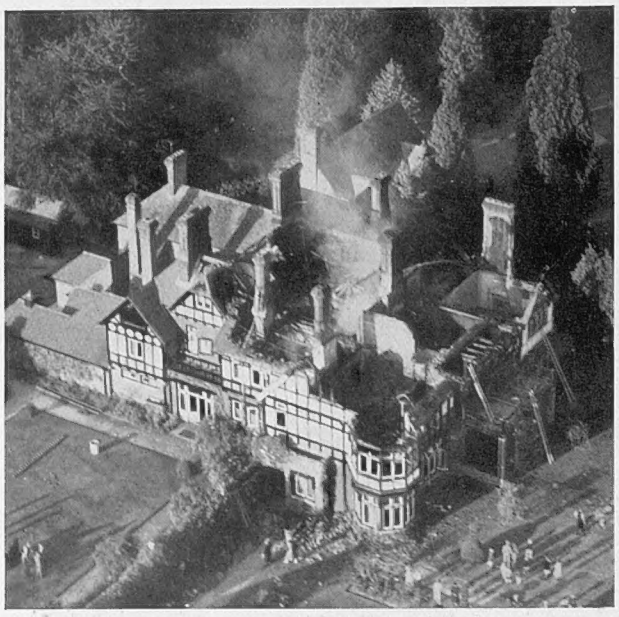


HOMEWARD BOUND: H.M.S. *Decoy*, a destroyer of the First Flotilla of the Mediterranean Fleet, passing Gibraltar *en route* for England after a term of foreign service. She is flying from her wireless mast a "paying off" pendant. This is, as a rule, made by the ship's company and is sometimes as much as 300 yards long

GERMANY'S MINIATURE NAVY: A torpedo boat division going into "action" during fleet manœuvres near Warnemünde in the Baltic



ON SALISBURY PLAIN: Two pictures taken during the annual military exercises. *Left*—A travelling headquarters equipped with a wireless transmitter and receiver. *Right*—Some of the troops taking part wore the new active service uniforms, consisting of khaki shirts open at the neck, soft hats, and other unorthodox features. This illustration affords an interesting comparison between the two types



A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE MANSION FIRE: Butler's Court, the Beaconsfield home of Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Timmis, which was partly destroyed last week

COLONEL R. O. SKAIFE who has been appointed British Military Attaché to Russia, a post which has been in abeyance since 1917. He speaks Russian fluently

MR. T. KERWIN an Eastbourne bricklayer, playing at Stoke Poges in the thirteenth annual Artisan Golfers' Tournament which started on Monday

TO AUSTRALIA BY 'PLANE, TRAIN, AND BOAT: The Duke of Gloucester shaking hands with Sir George Clerk, British Ambassador in Paris, after his arrival at Le Bourget Aerodrome in one of the Prince of Wales's aeroplanes. He afterwards left by train for Marseilles where he embarked on H.M.S. *Sussex*, which is taking him to Melbourne for the forthcoming celebrations

HONOURING PIONEERS OF TRADE UNIONISM: The village shelter and seat which together with six memorial cottages were dedicated last week-end at Tolpuddle, Dorset, to the memory of the six men of the village who a century ago attempted to found their own union and who, because of their subsequent deportation, have since come to be known as "The Tolpuddle Martyrs"

THE TOLPUDDLE CENTENARY

A Labour Commemoration in a Little Dorsetshire Village

LAST WEEK-END the British Labour movement celebrated at Tolpuddle the centenary of the six Dorsetshire labourers who have come to be known in trade union history as the Tolpuddle Martyrs. Six memorial cottages were opened with appropriate ceremony by trade union leaders, a special play by Mr. Miles Malleson was shown, and sports and a brass band contest also formed part of the celebrations. There is a danger, however, that because of all these celebrations the real story of the six men of Tolpuddle may be exaggerated out of all proportion. Here are the facts, stripped of all sentiment.

Previous to 1824 trade unionism had been illegal in Britain, but in that year an Act was passed giving the workers the right to combine in associations for their mutual benefit. Several trade unions soon came into existence, but there was not one catering for the Dorsetshire farm labourers, whose lot was especially hard. In 1824 the farmers had promised to raise their wages to 10s. a week, but because of hard times and because they were far from being model employers, they were only paying their workers 6s. a week ten years later. So George Loveless, a labourer living at Tolpuddle, who was a Methodist preacher and a man of superior education to his fellows, decided to form a union for the farm workers of the district. Five other men assisted him, James Loveless, John Standfield, James Hammett, Thomas Standfield, and James Brine, the majority of them also being preachers. They held their meetings often secretly, at night, and they instituted an initiation ceremony binding members to secrecy.

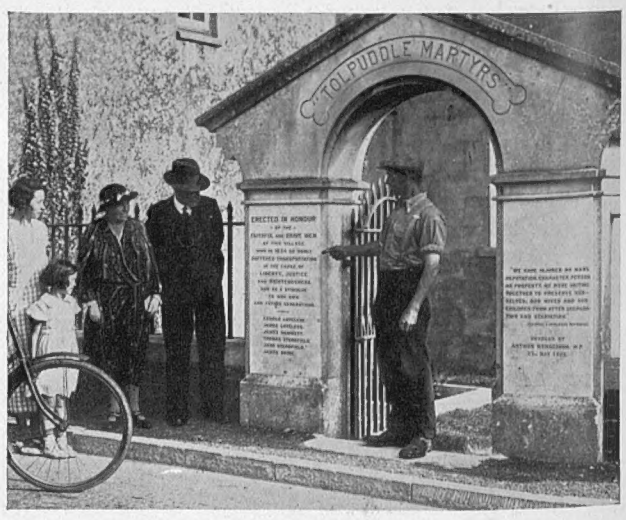
This very secrecy proved to be their undoing, although there is no doubt that George Loveless gave voice to sentiments that might not be considered revolutionary to-day when there is such freedom of speech, but which were certainly sufficiently revolutionary to arouse the fears of the authorities in 1834. The activities of the men of Tolpuddle happened to coincide with a period of unrest at home and abroad. There had been a political revolution in France in 1830, at home there had been the Reform Bill agitation of 1832. Socialism was making its appearance as a serious political creed, and all trade union activity was regarded with suspicion. So the law decided that six men meeting behind shuttered windows at night in a remote Dorset village must be up to no good. Also a spy was at work, the son of the gardener of James Frampton, the magistrate for Dorchester.

So shortly before dawn on February 24, 1834, the authorities struck, arrested the six men of Tolpuddle, and took them to the Bridewell at Dorchester. They were charged before James Frampton under the Sedition Act of 1797—designed to suppress the mutiny in the fleet at the Nore, and still used to-day on occasions—with breaking an Act of Parliament by administering an unlawful oath. The charge was a very thin one and there was undoubtedly a grave miscarriage of justice; but on March 17 the men were sentenced to seven years' transportation, all being sent to New South Wales except George Loveless, who went to Tasmania.

There arose, however, a public agitation. The trade unions took up the matter, demonstrations were organized, questions asked in Parliament. As a result the Government admitted its mistake—for Frampton had obviously acted under the instructions of the then Home Secretary, Lord Melbourne—and the men were granted a free pardon. But news travelled slowly to the South Seas in those days, and the men served several years in the convict settlements before they returned home, to find themselves something like national heroes. George Loveless was three years in Tasmania before reading of his pardon in an old newspaper. He returned to Dorset, and later went to farm in Canada.

Had these men succeeded in forming their union it is probable that they would never have been known outside their own county. A miscarriage of justice, however, made them figures of importance in industrial history and to-day they are the martyrs of trade unionism, commemorated by the Martyrs' Trees on the village green at Tolpuddle, by an arch outside the Methodist chapel, a stone in the churchyard, and by a row of fine cottages for the use of aged agricultural labourers who have been trade union members.

J. Baker White



IN TOLPUDDLE'S VILLAGE STREET: The memorial arch outside the Methodist chapel being inspected by some of the visitors to the village during the centenary celebrations. It bears the names of the six deported men: George and James Loveless, John and Thomas Standfield, James Hammett, and James Brine

AN HUNGARIAN OBERAMMERGAU

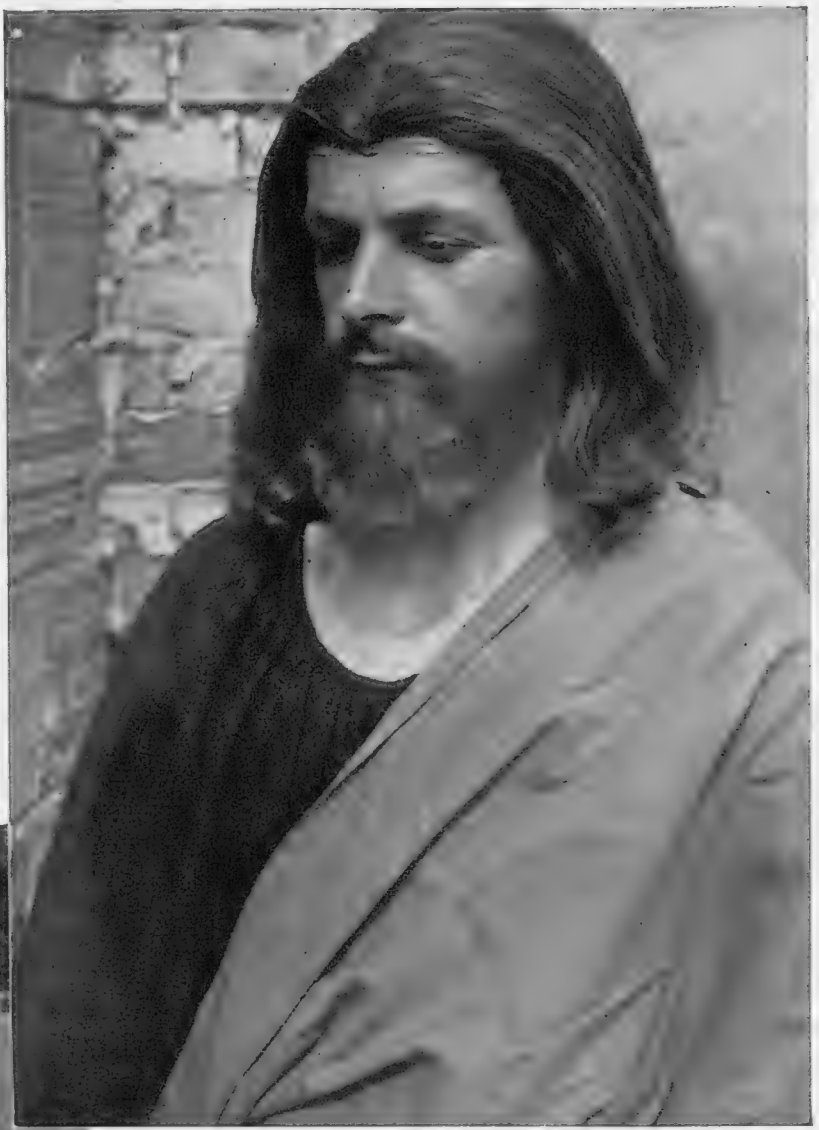
The Passion Play at Budar-ösch

ON THE WAY TO THE THEATRE ON THE HILLSIDE where the villagers of Budar-ösch, near Budapest, perform their Passion Play every Sunday. It is already attracting the devout from all parts of Hungary

SIMPLE DIGNITY: The open-air stage and the permanent scenery are arranged in a very effective fashion combining artistry with realism. The theatre was built entirely by the villagers

BEHIND THE SCENES: *Left*—Mary Magdalene resting during an interval in the four-hour performance. *Right*—A Prophet learning his part

About a year ago the leading villagers of Budar-ösch attended a meeting at which they resolved to have their own Passion Play. Most of these men, milk and fruit farmers by profession, have little education but a great enthusiasm. They set to work immediately and, each contributing the utmost that he could afford, they bought the materials and built their own theatre on the hillside. While this was being done others prepared the text and decided on the settings. A few months later the first performance took place, and now people are flocking from all over Hungary to see these talented peasant folk perform



JESUS OF NAZARETH

The part is brilliantly played by a young peasant farmer

THE SMILING JUDAS

This peasant interprets this most unsympathetic of all rôles with amazing dramatic ability

THE ROYAL

A Series of Historic Pictures of Princess Marina of Greece

IN THE PALACE AT ATHENS: At the head of the table is the late King Constantine, uncle of Princess Marina. He married a sister of the ex-Kaiser in 1889, and his attitude during the war led to his deposition in 1917. He returned in 1920, but two years later was again dethroned

PRINCESS MARINA'S FIRST COUSIN: A recent study of ex-King George of Greece. When his father King Constantine abdicated he ascended the throne but, in turn, went into exile

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE TO BE: Princess Nicolas who now lives in Paris with her husband. She is a granddaughter of Tsar Alexander II and before her marriage was the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia

PRINCE NICOLAS: The younger brother of the late King Constantine and the father of Princess Marina. He is well known as a painter, and in 1931 held an exhibition of his work in London

A GENEALOGICAL TREE SHOWING THE FAMILY LIN... It will be noted that they are both great-gran... mother's side the Princess is conn...

A REAL ROMANCE: Prince George and Princess Mari... ment at Salzburg. They met for the first time fi... that before the marriage, which will probably ta... George will be created either Duk...

A NOTABLE GROUP: The Queen of Yugoslavia (second ... cess Nicolas. Princess Elizabeth (left) was born ... 1903 and is the wife of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia ... was born ...

BETROTHAL

Relating to the Engagement and Prince George of England

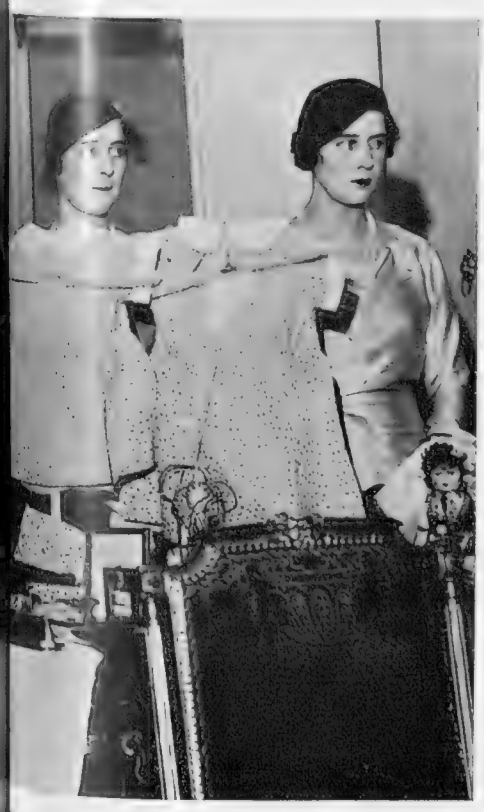
King Christian IX of Denmark

Princess Dagmar	King George I of Greece	Queen Alexandra
Prince Nicolas	King Constantine	King George V
	Ex-King George	King Alexander
		Prince George

THE LATE KING CONSTANTINE (right) and Prince Nicolas (left), father of Princess Marina

ETWEEN PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA: ildren of King Christian IX of Denmark. On her ed with the late Russian Royal Family

en together after the announcement of their engage- ars ago at a dance in London. It is thought likely ace at Westminster Abbey in the autumn, Prince Kent or Duke of Edinburgh



m left) with the three daughters of Prince and Prin- 1904 and is married, Princess Olga was born in ousin of King Alexander), and Princess Marina (right) 1906

IN 1911: Her Majesty the Queen with Prince George and Princess Mary at a Crystal Palace Gala. Prince George was then nine years old

BROTHER AND SISTER: King George I of Greece (1845-1913), father of King Constantine, and Queen Alexandra of England. They were the children of King Christian IX of Denmark

THE ISLAND CHURCH IN THE CENTRE OF LAKE BLED, YUGOSLAVIA, where Prince George and Princess Marina, following the custom among engaged couples, went to toll the "wishing bell"

IN TURBULENT

A Little-known Land near the where the King's African Rifles

ON THE MARCH: Native soldiers of the King's African Rifles, the efficient military force which is commanded by British officers and which maintains law and order in East Africa. Recently they have been engaged in quelling the fierce Turkana tribesmen, inhabitants of the barren lands near Lake Rudolf

A DESERT FORT: One of the many outposts in Turka... British officer is standing in the look-out tower, and ... Parts of this country are almost barren of vegetati...

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: Many of the Turkana tribesmen are well armed with spears and rifles, and are decidedly formidable foes. They spend their lives wandering from place to place in search of water and grass for their cattle, and appear to have little respect for the property of adjacent tribes

SENDING A MESSAGE BY HELIOGRAPH: How th... operations in the desert. It will be noticed that ... the nature of the...

The District Commissioner parleys with the Turkana chiefs. During a severe drought, when their cattle are dying for lack of water, it is often difficult to prevent them from invading the territory of their neighbours

THE WHITE MAN'S WISDOM

The Turkana are one of the most primitive peoples of Africa and, being nomadic, are decidedly difficult to control. Their lands, which lie to the west and south of Lake Rudolf on the borders of Kenya and Sudan, are of little value agriculturally, and the tribesmen can only gain a bare livelihood by moving from place to place and settling temporarily where grass and water for their goats, camels, and donkeys are most plentiful. Such a fight for existence, in which only the fittest survive, has made these people warlike in the extreme and ever ready to take advantage of their weaker neighbours if the opportunity offers. Most of them pay little attention to matters of dress, and in some parts of the territory the men wear no clothing whatsoever. The women are a little more ambitious and provide themselves with graceful leather and bead kirtles.

The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of the type of country in which the troops of the King's African Rifles have to operate in their efforts to keep the tribesmen under control.

TURKANA

Kenya - Sudan Border have been Restoring Order

garrisoned by the King's African Rifles. A the compound below are some of his men. and waterholes are few and far between

ONE OF THE FEW ACCESSIBLE ROCK POOLS: A native soldier watering the camels after a day's march

AN OUTPOST IN THE HILLS: A native sentry on duty. If he sees any disturbance in the valleys, wireless communication can be immediately established with headquarters, and reinforcements are sent up to deal with the situation. The partial mechanization of the defence force has made it much easier for it to control the territory which covers hundreds of square miles

troops keep in touch with their main base during lorries instead of camels are used for transport where country is not too rough

A BIG-GAME HUNTER'S PARADISE: A scene in the more fertile hill country of Turkana

A six-wheeled lorry carrying troops across a dried-up river bed. Some of the men are trained mechanics and are able to carry out repairs in case of emergency

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BIG CATCHES— SMALL RETURNS

Impressions of a Visit to Hull, and a Survey of the Present Problems of the Fishing Industry

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA: An everyday scene on the quayside at Hull

IT IS AN INSPIRITING affair for the "soft" Southerner to take in the St. Andrew Dock, Hull, round eight o'clock of a summer's morning, to stroll nearly a mile along the two principal fish quays while business is at its peak. Sales on the Faroe and the North Sea markets are in shattering swing right and left. Such brawn and breeze, thrusting and banging and barrel rolling! Try and stand amid it! 15,000 kits of white and herring fishing were in that morning, and all had to be disposed of at lightning speed. One may have watched hauls being handled at many ports—from the tough Marseilles disposal of its rainbow catch to the intimate *camaraderie* of sardine-cum-tunny Concerneau—yet Hull's early morning performance has a tang and hugeness all its own. Here is the greatest, most thrusting fishing port in the British Isles, so thrusting as to pose a problem not easily to be solved. Landings have increased in recent times from 1,700,000 cwts. to 4,300,000 cwts. I fear that does not tell me a great deal, yet you will agree that it looks formidable and suggests glutting, with resultant dislocation of prices.

Such energy, such industry, such rush methods, as you pick your path. Here (the soft one reflects) is where men are men, where strong limbs, clear minds, brave hearts reside, where " is bred a race hardened for survival in the fierce competition of life, contemptuous of the trappings of manners and culture, forthright in its likes and dislikes, scorning the easy life " (extract from morning paper telling the South where it gets off), a place, a port, in fact, whence Britain trawls the waves . . .

Of all these fish, you feel much the poorest. Poorer, even, than a horrid, spotted thing that, upon timorous enquiry, I learnt to be a wuff. I had seen sordid dockland France buying it, but never any others. At least, I think it is called a wuff, because the jargon on these fish quays of the Humber is definitely not for Southern ears. That becomes obvious when you dally at the auctioning place. At 90 m.p.h. fish is knocked down in a lingo that might be from Etukishook Land. Even were one initiated and able to keep ear-pace, there would still remain the impeding din of endless barrow boys bobbing about (" bobbers "), of smocked salesmen and merchants shouting the odds, of the banging unboxing of Norse salmon, and the noisy laying out of immense halibut from Greenland. One tripped over sea monsters; one stepped in slime and gore and coal and ice and discarded fish-bits. And then there was the sirening and general hum from surrounding factories and trawlers since everything is done on the spot at Hull. The fish is filleted and boxed, iced and smoked, fried, and a few more things, and railed away, all within sight of where one is strolling.

QUITE CLOSE at hand are two immensities. The Fish Meal Factory now has an annual output of 25,000 tons, most of which is being used as stock on the land, no longer as vulgar manure. Here lies one of the hopes for herring. Can some new side use be found for the unwanted mountains of this excellent fish which would be as *recherché* as trout were it as unavailable?

A second piece of Hull enterprise concerns the ice factory which accounts for a thousand tons a day, and not only crushes the blocks on great grinders but even shoots a non-stop ice flow down into the very holds of the adjacent trawling fleet. Hull is full of enterprise. Did it produce Amy Johnson for nothing? And has not J. B. Priestley written (in his *Journey*) of the fibre and character of these people, of their civic pride and sense of . . . Hull?

Further enterprise is to be observed on the slipways where a good deal of the £1,000,000 that is being sunk in new trawlers will find an outlet. And such super-trawlers now! The pride of them is the *Esquimeaux*, whose interior approaches the comfort of 1905 Channel steamers. And it, a mere trawler, once suggestive of the crudest thing that sailed.

What else? The Nautical School where are trained the skippers of to-morrow, the outfitting stores that so attract terrestrians, the factory for disabled trawlermen, the dockland coaling system dealing with 750,000 tons annually, the Research Department where Professor Hardy explains the Plancton Recorder by which the North Sea is " felt " for fishing purposes.

YES, Hull has it all cut and dried—its mammoth fishing industry. All would be well, were it well, but alas! it isn't. Fissures are there, and one feels certain that such strong men as inhabit the North will not seek to duck them. One can yield to none in admiration of the sturdiness of these fishermen in their search of a livelihood amid wild and arctic seas—only too often to return with big catches to face a heartbreaking glut—and yet be forced to admit that the rugged individualism of ports like Hull is difficult of conciliation with the whole contemporary trend of a great nation's economic carrying-on. How Hull has taken the proposal to set up a dictatorial Herring Board, I am at a loss to know, but it is scarcely possible that she will be happy over it. The eventual notion is to pool control of the whole white fishing industry, with headquarters at Edinburgh, and eight main areas of sub-division. Catching, curing, kippering, auctioning, exporting, home-marketing—all are to be centrally planned and controlled.

Every section of the industry is to be licensed, down to those individual bobbing boys. Worn-out trawlers are to be bought up and scrapped, and the construction of new vessels carefully rationed. Levies are to be put on the industry for the maintenance of the new Board. The starting and stopping dates for the various fishings will be fixed; specific boats allocated to particular fishings or periods of fishings; the size of net mesh and the number of nets per boat will be prescribed; and more and more fishings may be prohibited altogether, as in Northern waters just now, with a view to the preservation of stocks. In raw English, the notion is to exercise control at every blessed stage, from the netting of the fish to its final sale. Tough proposition for rugged individualists to swallow! One does not see Hull lightly doing so, from what one saw and heard there. The resistances Mr. Elliott may encounter are the price that has to be paid for breeding hard-headed Northerners used to carrying all before them including, in this case, Britannia's (piscatorial) trident. The Minister has already been telling Hull that " nothing can be gained by asserting that they would not allow any fish of foreign catching to come into this country, since the question of price always came into the matter." That was by way of answer to Mr. J. W. Lowne, president of the local Fishing Vessel Owners' Association. Mr. Lowne is quoted by *The Hull Daily Mail* as having " drawn attention to the urgent need for protection on the high seas for British fishing vessels; urgently requesting the Government to take a definite strong action and to inform Governments of all other nations that we recognize no waters as prohibitive to British fishermen outside three miles from any coast; that we will not tolerate any interference with any British vessels outside this distance; and that if any of our vessels are interfered with in any manner we shall demand a heavy recompense from that nation. They were opposed to an agreement with Norway for a 4-mile limit. Moreover, no agreements on fishing matters with foreign nations should be entered into before being considered by the British Trawlers' Federation, so that fishing interests and rights could not be sacrificed in trade pacts or agreements with foreign nations in exchange for sales of coal, steel, textiles, or any other goods." Mr. Lowne further urged that the fish tariff be considerably increased, and that until Norway, for her part, came completely to heel, not a Norwegian fish should be admitted into England. Now I call that tall talk; marinated jingoism; too blue to be good.

It seems to blow from some strange, far-off buried depth, as from the Dogger in Rojdestvensky's day. Or even earlier. *Britain Trawls the Waves!* We only wish she could; but we hardly sing that kind of thing any more.

THERE is sympathy in this quarter with doing everything possible to help the fishermen who are some of the best ever, and also happen to procure a thing I love. But that shouldn't bar one from saying that the sea is being wrongly fished, and that mass-production methods urgently require the guiding hand. We have to face facts under the North Sea no less than on it. Neighbouring countries are to-day practising fishing self-sufficiency more and more each day. The Germans, the Dutch, have great fleets out that they never had. The Russians are taking a measly tonnage from us, where under the Czar they seemed to have lived considerably on the herring family. Moreover, those " sales of coal, steel, textiles, or any other goods " just *will* have to be considered, as we fix the commerce in fish, flesh, or fowl with other nations!

An intensely difficult situation has arisen in this industry, and meanwhile things will scarcely be bettered by further plans to raid the fishings with ever more super-hyper-ships and gadgets. Rather may the word now be: *go steady*. Particularly, does it ring wrong to seek to intimidate small nations that happen to be sound friends. I refer, of course, to Norway. When one in the first instance read that Norse fishery patrol-boats had been arresting British trawlers outside the 3-mile limit, and that big fines were subsequently and unfairly imposed on land, the skipper preferring to pay in order to get away before his whole catch went bad, the tendency may have been to register a minor flutter of indignation—nothing like the flutter of 1904, when the Hull trawlers were sunk, nor yet even the flutter of 1929 when a U.S. rum patrol-vessel fired on the *I'm Alone*; nevertheless, what the deuce did these Norwegian fellows mean? Weren't they rather asking for a spot of trouble?

WELL, at this writing H.M.S. *Harebell* is in position. Further, the Oslo Government is, I believe, ready to refund fines and losses, and to admit that all further defendants may have access to a higher court than the prejudiced, local, seaboard one. But that leaves the major issue of Norse resolve to *maintain* a 4-mile limit undetermined; and it will be for the Foreign Office to seek to bridge matters with quite a passable customer of ours. The Northern Bloc (Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Estonia, Finland), besides following us in sterling and supporting us politically in Europe, bought goods from us last year to the tune of £28,000,000, which is considerably more than either

(Continued on p. 372)

THE KING GEORGE DOCK, HULL: An aerial view of Yorkshire's premier port

THE TORRENTS IN HARNESS: *Two Great Dams in the United States*

BORED THROUGH SOLID ROCK: The entrance to the tunnel into which the waters of the Colorado River are being diverted during the construction of the giant Boulder Dam near Las Vegas, Nevada. *Left*—CEASELESS ACTIVITY: The building of the dam proceeds without interruption, the men working on the night shift under the glare of powerful electric lamps

A GREAT UNDERTAKING COMPLETED

The new Morris Dam in Pine River Canyon, California, which now gives a much-needed additional supply of water to the town of Pasadena. The vast wall towers 245 ft. above the stream bed, has a length of 780 ft., a thickness of 20 ft. at crest, and contains 514,000 cubic yards of concrete

BUILDING BO

A New Series of Pictures Showi
on the Giant Concrete Structu
Across Black Canyon on

HIGHER THAN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A bird's-eye view of one of the four intake towers which are being built in front of the northern face of the dam. They will be nearly 400 ft. high and through them will be carried the water for operating the electric power plant

Those who have seen the great canyons through which the Colorado River flows at a speed of between 10 and 20 miles an hour, can best appreciate the magnitude of the task with which the builders of the Boulder dam have been faced. For over three years now men have toiled night and day and, all being well, their labours will be completed sometime in 1937. With the opening of the dam a new era will dawn in South-Western America. Millions of gallons of water will be stored against the coming of a drought, floods will be prevented, and cheap electrical power will be available for industrial and domestic use. An enormous sum is being spent upon the project, but it is safe to say that in the years to come the cost will be handsomely repaid by an increase in the prosperity of Southern California and Arizona.

THE ARIZONA SPILLWAY over which will flow the surplu
the dam. The 100-ft. long steel drum gates c

AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETE
finished in 1937, and the total cost wi
bourhood of 165,000,000 dollars. On th

ILDER DAM

the Progress of the Work which is Being Erected he Colorado River

water from the artificial reservoir created by he crest will control the discharge

The work will probably be be somewhere in the neigh- extreme left is the spillway

THE COLOSSUS OF BLACK CANYON: A general view of the dam as it was a few weeks ago when the construction work had reached 450 ft. The total height is to be 700 ft., and behind the massive concrete wall will be created the largest artificial reservoir in the world. In addition to harnessing the Colorado River for power purposes, the dam will protect large tracts of Southern California and Arizona during flood periods, and will release water for irrigation in time of drought

THREE OF THE INTAKE TOWERS which rise from the walls of the canyon. Gates inside the towers will control the flow of water, and there are to be special devices to prevent the entrance of floating debris

AMSTERDAM CYCLES HOME TO LUNCH: There are 240,000 bicycles in the city, one to every three and a half inhabitants. They do much to slow down the traffic but are not the cause of many accidents

The World Toll of the Road

Holland and her Traffic Problem

The Second of a Series of Articles on Conditions Abroad

As a result of the inferences drawn from the complicated figures prepared by the Traffic Police, severe regulations were recently introduced by which such foolish behaviour as "cutting in" becomes a punishable offence; and the general tendency in Holland, while allowing considerable freedom to motorists in the matter of speed, is to take a more serious view of those offences which, in the past, have been considered rather as a rudeness than as a legal offence. Appeals by the police for more thoughtfulness and courtesy on the part of road users have, of course, had some influence; but it is found that there is a class of motorist upon whom such appeals make no impression; fines, imprisonment and the suspension of licences are likely to be more effective with such people.

THE FIRST THING Commissioner Bakker, Chief of the Amsterdam Traffic Police, did when I visited him to discuss the question of roads and traffic, was to point triumphantly to a list of figures which showed that Amsterdam's percentage of fatal road accidents for 1933 was a little more than a third of London's and less than that of any other important European city except Stockholm and Bremen. There were 6·3 fatal road accidents in Amsterdam for every 100,000 inhabitants, as against 17·1 for London, 15·7 for Birmingham, 8·9 for Paris and 4·5 for Stockholm.

"Not that we are satisfied with those figures. They represent for Amsterdam an increase of ·4 per 100,000 inhabitants over the year 1932. There were 175 road deaths in the city over the first quarter of 1934 against 124 over the same period in 1933."

Commissioner Bakker is a very charming and intelligent gentleman, who has closely studied conditions in England and America and, with characteristic Dutch serenity, refuses to get into a panic when confronted by the increasing traffic problems of to-day. He and his assistants maintain the organization of Amsterdam's traffic on a very high level of efficiency, trying out every modern device that seems to be worth while; and, for the rest, have a firm belief in the capacity of the public to adjust itself, with the help of educative schemes introduced by the traffic authorities, to the new conditions.

It should be remembered that Amsterdam is a city with peculiar problems. In the first place, there are 240,000 bicycles registered in the city, representing one bicycle to every three and a half inhabitants. Anyone who has visited Amsterdam will quickly realize the seriousness of the bicycle "menace" which, at the rush hours, completely dominates the streets of the city. The Dutchman is used to it, of course, but the foreign visitor's first night in Amsterdam is usually a series of nightmares in which the whirling wheels and tingling bells of the day are horrifically concentrated.

The traffic police recently made a test in the Leidschestraat, one of the busiest shopping streets of the city, with an average width of 7 metres. Throughout the day there passed along the Leidschestraat 27,000 bicycles and 4,000 motor-cars. "That is typical of the whole of Amsterdam," said Commissioner Bakker, "and the result is that the cyclist says to us: 'What! We must give up more privileges on behalf of the motorists! Not a bit of it! We 27,000 cyclists are 23,000 reasons why you must consider us first."

IN THE OPINION of the Commissioner, cyclists are responding more and more to the necessities of modern traffic; and cycle traffic in the city, as well as in the country, has become so thoroughly regulated that the number of bicycles responsible for accidents is rapidly diminishing. Outside the city, cycle-paths accompany almost every road, and it is a punishable offence for a cyclist to use a main road where a cycle-path exists for his convenience. This is considered to have reduced the road dangers, as far as cyclists are concerned, by nearly one half.

Within the cities it is impossible to construct cycle-paths along the sides of streets which, for the most part, are far too narrow for the needs of traffic; and the tendency of the cyclist to ride in pairs, and, too often, even four abreast, and to keep nearer to the middle than to the extreme right of the road, has been a fruitful cause of accident. The police are now taking strong measures against this kind of thoughtlessness, and, to help the cyclist, have established in all busy centres a well-thought-out system of signs. In some streets, in order to keep the mind of the cyclist concentrated upon the necessity for keeping to the extreme right of the road, arrows pointing to the right have been let into the roads at every hundred yards or so, accompanied by the admonition: CYCLISTS! KEEP RIGHT!

Although bicycles are becoming less and less the cause of road accidents, their existence in such large numbers has a very marked influence upon the traffic regulations of such a city as Amsterdam, where they are frequently the cause of a serious slowing-down of traffic through important arteries. The result is that the authorities are obliged to have rigorous control during rush hours, when such rules as "No left turns," "No vehicle permitted to stop," and "Horse-drawn vehicles and push-carts prohibited," are in force. Some extension of these rules is likely to take place in Amsterdam, where they have been found not only to lessen the risk of accident, but to speed up the traffic.

THE GENERAL REGULATIONS throughout the city are working equally well. Traffic lights now operate at practically every important centre in Amsterdam, and there is an increasing amount of that form of control which is operated by the traffic itself—"pedal" control I believe we call it; or "electromatic" control as the Americans have christened it. Amsterdam also maintains on certain thoroughfares, though not at crossing-points, special lights which stop the moving traffic to allow of the safe crossing of pedestrians.

The system is found to be working remarkably well, and its operation is probably simpler than that in any other large European town, although it covers already an area greater than that covered by similar systems in many a larger city. The sequence of lights is red, green, amber. The driving apparatus is erected in the Municipal Telephone building, with the controlling device at the headquarters of the traffic police. This device consists of a dial, like a telephone dial, with three small lights and certain knobs and levers. Its operation is very simple. By means of the dial the traffic authorities can put themselves in communication not only with the particular traffic signal desired, but also with a chain of such signals. The small lights indicate if the street signals are working properly, and by their means it is also possible to change the timing of the colour sequence.

I asked Commissioner Bakker what form of vehicle was the principal cause of accident, and expected to be told that the cyclists were the chief offenders. "The owner-driven cars are our principal anxiety," he replied. Later on the Commissioner was kind enough to have some statistics prepared, showing how the various vehicles were involved in accidents during the first quarter of this year. Trams were concerned in 175 accidents, motor-lorries in 708, light cars in 1,642, motor cycles in 111, bicycles in 1,175, and other vehicles in 134. *Most of the accidents were caused by faulty driving, including much "cutting-in";* the chief sufferers averaged from nineteen to twenty-nine years of age, and the days on which the most accidents occurred appear to have been Mondays and Saturdays, which looks as if week-enders were largely involved.

MEANWHILE, it is interesting to study the educative schemes set on foot by the Police and the principal motor and bicycling associations of the country, all three organizations working in this, as in most other matters, in an harmoniously co-operative fashion. The traffic authorities seem, in fact, to be quite popular with the organizations which represent the users of the roads, and there appears to be no necessity in Holland for any such army of "inspectors" as that which our big motoring organizations place on the English roads.

One important educative scheme is that by which children, especially in the more crowded quarters of the city, are periodically instructed and examined over traffic questions. The instruction is in the hands of a private body assisted by the Traffic Police, who alone conduct the examinations and present to the successful children a medal indicating their proficiency. Instruction and examination both take place in the streets, where natural problems arise; but in some cases the elementary teaching is given in schoolyards or quiet squares, where models of vehicles and traffic signals are used to familiarize the children with the dangers outside, and the proper way to avoid them.

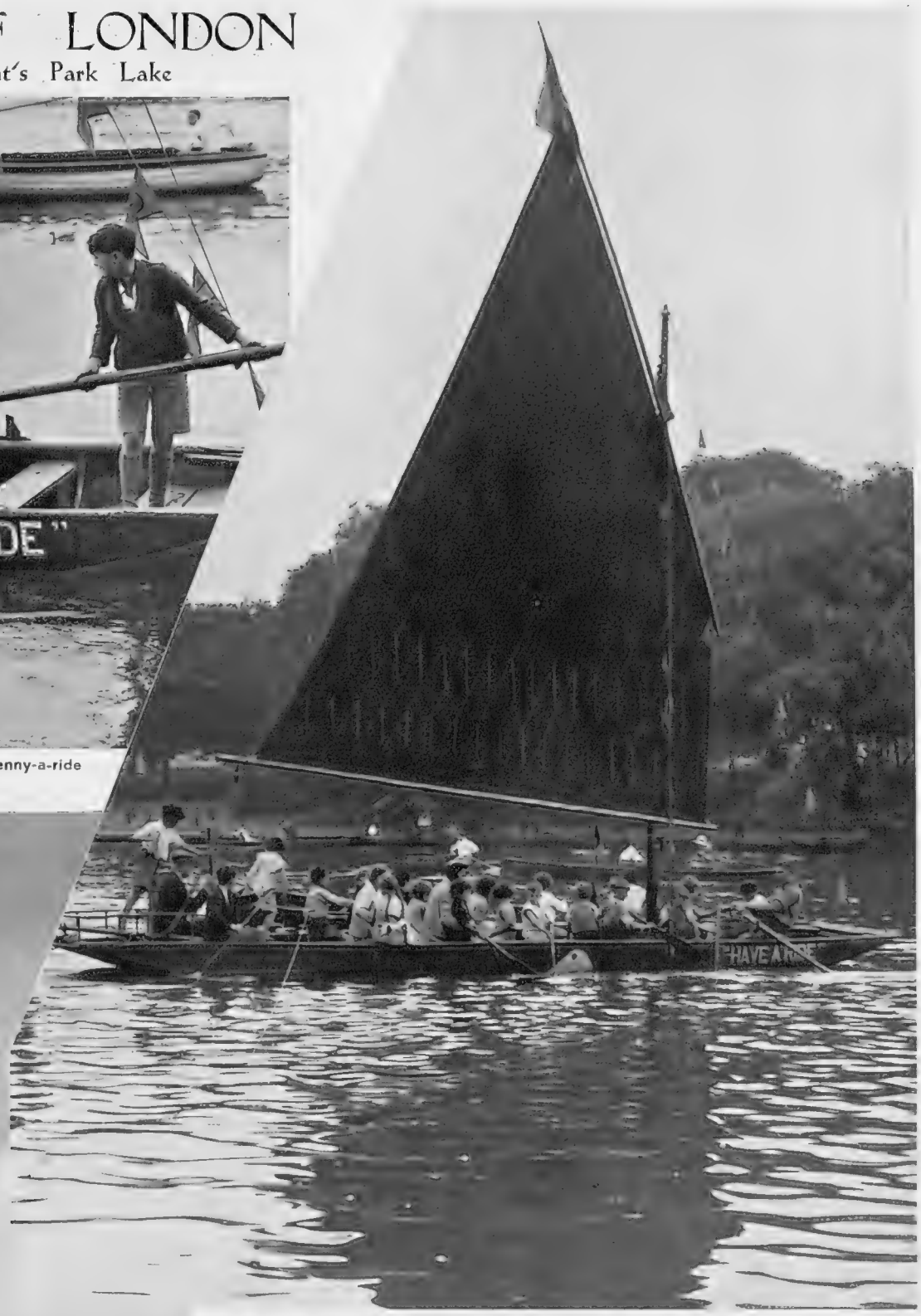
According to Inspector Cohen, who is one of the principal traffic experts in Holland, and who, like his chief, Commissioner Bakker, has studied the question in other busy centres of Europe and America, this system of making the children thoroughly familiar with traffic dangers and the obligations of the pedestrian is proving very successful. For one thing, Dutch children begin to ride

(Continued on p. 372)

YOUTH BECOMES TRAFFIC CONSCIOUS: In Amsterdam the police teach children the rules of the road and periodically hold examinations

YE MARINERS OF LONDON

Saturday Afternoon on Regent's Park Lake



Above and on right—ADMIRALS ALL: Children on the penny-a-ride sailing barge which cruises round the lake

BOWLING ALONG IN THE BREEZE

One of the small sailing boats which are always in great demand

An exciting moment during a dongola race. There is no danger as the water is quite shallow

THRILLS AND SPILLS

Excavating Britain

Some Notable Finds

(1) AT LEAST 2,000 YEARS OLD: A skeleton in a slate cist which was accidentally unearthed a few days ago on the sand dunes at Mawgan Porth, near Newquay, North Cornwall. The position of the body indicates that it belongs to the Iron Age and that it is contemporary with remains found at Harlyn Bay, in the same district, some thirty years ago

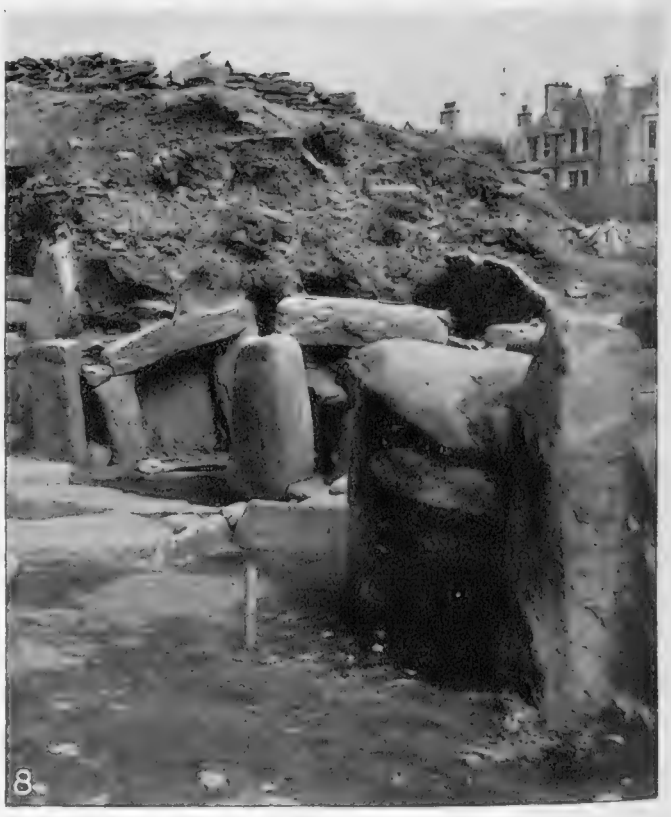
(2) EXCAVATIONS AT BIGBERRY CAMP, NEAR CANTERBURY: Sir Edward Harrison (right), the well-known archæologist, examining portions of pottery discovered among the earthworks. It is believed that on this spot the ancient Britons made a stand against the 7th Roman Legion on the occasion of Julius Cæsar's second invasion in 54 B.C. The present digging operations are being directed by Mr. R. F. Jessup, F.S.A., and Mr. N. C. Cook of Maidstone Museum

(3) THE OLD FORT ON FINAVON HILL: This famous Forfarshire landmark is being excavated by Professor Childe of Edinburgh University. It was popularly supposed to be of Roman origin, but the complete absence of Roman relics among the recent finds makes it probable that it belongs to an earlier period

(4) NEAR HADRIAN'S WALL: Masons engaged in strengthening the remains of the granary which was brought to light some years ago in the old Roman city of Corstopitum, Northumberland. Many valuable finds have been made there, including a hoard of gold coins hidden in a wall and a silver dish weighing 148 ozs. Further work is being carried out on the site at the present time

(5) BRITAIN IN PRE-ROMAN DAYS: Colonel F. C. Hirst, of Zennor, and his assistants, digging on the site of the ancient settlement of Porthmeor, near Gurnard's Head, Cornwall. It is expected that a complete village with huts, fortifications, and cultivation terraces will be revealed in the near future

(6) MRS. MORTIMER WHEELER (centre), who is assisting her husband, Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, Curator of the London Museum, in excavating at Maiden Castle, Dorchester. In just over a month's work they have found the foundations of what must have been a Roman temple, a prehistoric cooking pot containing bones, a number of gold coins and rings, and a miniature bronze statue of unique design. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler have made many notable discoveries during the past few years, and by their efforts at St. Albans and Caerleon have done much to add to our knowledge of Roman Britain



(7) and (8) PREHISTORIC DWELLINGS IN THE SHETLAND ISLES: These two views were taken near Sunburgh Head where the Office of Works has been carrying out important excavations. *Left*—A stone passage leading to underground houses. *Right*—Part of a circular chamber which was the centre of a combined house and byre. Cattle were tethered round the walls, and leading off from these were the sleeping rooms. Several stone axes have been discovered as well as primitive saws and knives made of slate, but, unfortunately, there are few traces of the original inhabitants

The Hop Harvest

In Two Counties

BEAUTY IN A HEREFORDSHIRE HOPFIELD: In spite of gales, which have damaged the poles in some districts, the yield is expected to be quite up to average this year, and the quality of the hops is decidedly good. A vast army of pickers has invaded the county from the industrial areas of South Wales and the Midlands

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Gathering the harvest at Paddock Wood, Kent, where several thousands of pickers are now at work

COCKNEYS IN THE COUNTRY: Two more pictures taken at Paddock Wood. Every year whole families from the East End go to the hop fields in September, regarding the strenuous toil in the light of a holiday. Though they may not receive very big wages they return to London all the better for a few weeks in the open air

A DAY

THE PRIDE OF THE CLYDE: A remarkable aerial view of the new Cunarder on the stocks in Messrs. John Brown's shipbuilding yard. The hull has now received its first coat of paint, partly to protect the metal and partly to give the vessel a smart appearance when it is named and launched by the Queen on September 26. In the foreground of this picture are the drawing offices and workshops

STUDYING A BLUE PRINT: The foreman shows this to his leading man in order to give him a clear idea of the work that has to be done

ARRIVING at Clydebank at about 7.45 a.m. we see many special trains, buses, and trams coming in from all directions, and from which pours a stream of workpeople, soon converging on the gates of the great shipyard like the crowd for a big match, but probably with not quite the same enthusiasm. Some 2,000 of this number are engaged on No. 534.

At 7.55 sharp the hooter, or syren, sounds above everything else as the crowd passes through the several gates, each man—who has his own number—"clocking in" the actual time of his arrival. If not more than five minutes late he is allowed that margin, but if more than that, up to fifteen minutes, he is "quartered," that is to say he has a quarter of an hour deducted from his time lines. If much later he has to go out again and return at the dinner hour for the afternoon spell, of course losing his pay represented by that break.

Talking of pay day, this is generally on Saturday. As the workmen file out through the gates at noon, each one is handed an envelope containing his wages for the week concerned in a small tin cup. He opens the envelope to see what he has got and checks it, for he has already worked out pretty accurately what he should receive. Finding it O.K. he throws the tin into the bin at the side and rushes off to catch his bus or train. Wages are made up weekly from the Wednesday to the following Wednesday, thereby giving the timekeepers and the cashier's department enough time to make up the large number of separate small amounts incurred. A man may therefore have one or two days' "lying time" outstanding, depending on when he started work.

The general system of organization in a large shipyard is divided into two main sections: one dealing with all that concerns the hull, controlled by the shipyard manager; the other dealing with the propelling machinery, for which the engine works manager is responsible. Both of these senior executives are under the supreme control of the managing director, but, in turn, have under them an assistant manager and foremen. The men engaged in the work receive their instructions a day in advance from their respective foremen

Just as the mass converged into the gates, so they diverge again to the respective jobs allocated to them by their foremen respectively over the various departments, many of them to the hull of the ship itself on the stocks, now nearing completion. It is quite a few minutes' walk sometimes to the job a man may be engaged on, but that time counts in all right.

Let us follow some of these. A large number of them are riveters at this stage of the work, made up into little squads of two men and a boy. The latter makes up his little rivet fire and starts heating the rivets. As soon as these are up to the proper heat, and it must be just right—neither too hot nor too cold—he passes them to the two riveters as quickly as they can push them through the holes and close them up with the power-driven riveting machine, though in some cases when the machine cannot be got into a restricted corner the job has to be done with hand hammers. These men are usually paid by piece-work, but sometimes the leading man of a squad contracts with the foreman to do so many rivets at a fixed price, depending on the size of the rivets used, and he fixes it up with his squad. They earn pretty good wages, but the work is hard.

Then there are the platers, fixing on the plates of all sizes. Up there you see a large plate of several hundred pounds' weight, already cut to size and drilled for the rivets, being lowered down from above by one of the many cranes placed round the ship. One man steadies it while it hangs on the chain sling, at the same time guiding the crane operator who is looking out of his little cabin perhaps fifty or more feet above them. The plater sticks a pointed tool through one of the holes to make it register with the corresponding hole in the part it has to be joined to, while a temporary bolt is slipped in to hold it there. Similarly with another hole and the plate is secured until a few rivets are inserted, after which the bolts are removed and the job completed. Scaffolding all round the ship's side is provided for the men to work on, and naturally the operator has to keep a careful watch not to fall over while hammering in a rivet. It's like working up the face of a large building.

High up there on the forecastle deck are two men studying a drawing. Probably the foreman has brought this along from his little wooden hut down below to show the leading man what has to be done with those warping bollards just lowered down on to the deck, and exactly where they have to be placed. On another adjacent deck may be a little knot of men round a rivet fire, while a few feet away you may see a couple of drillers operating a boring tool cutting a large hole out of a steel plate, possibly for a port light.

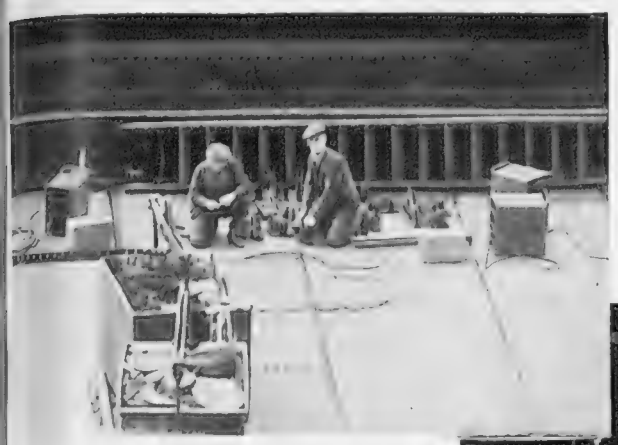
IN THE LIFE OF No. 534

DESCRIBED BY EDWIN H. JUDD

The Giant Cunarder Which is Now in Course of Construction at Clydebank

Walking down towards the stern you approach the river's edge and, looking up, you see several engineers standing on a scaffolding slung round one of the big 35-ton bronze propellers. They have just fitted the propeller on to the end of the tail shaft projecting through the shaft tunnel, or stern tube, and are tightening up the big nut that keeps the propeller in place, while others may be scraping up the base of one of the blades. Those propellers have to be run for long periods at a high speed many feet below the water line, so everything must be absolutely right.

All round the sides of the hull where work has been completed you see painters, working on scaffolding, painting the hull a light coat before she enters the water, not only for protection of the metal, but to give the boat a smart appearance for the great launching ceremony. The weather just now may be gloriously fine, but it is very different during the winter up there, when these men have to work on—frost, rain, or snow—at any rate, if not too severe.



ON THE DECK OF No. 534: Electricians fixing a cable to provide light for those working inside the hull

There is, of course, much work going on at the same time inside the works. Shall we visit the turbine shops? Here enormous forged steel turbine drums slowly rotate in gigantic lathes, parts weighing many tons, but which have to be machined to within a thousandth part of an inch of the designed dimensions, all of which has to be carefully checked by skilled inspectors. Other men are fitting the small turbine blades into the drums, these blades ranging from 2 in. to 16 in. long. They must all be dead accurate and absolutely secure. Over there an enormous overhead travelling crane is lifting the casting which forms a cover to the turbine, and men are carefully guiding it into place as it is gently lowered on to the bolts.

The big clock strikes twelve. The hooter blows its shrill note. Tools are dropped, machines are stopped, and the crowd disperses for lunch. Those who live near by go home for it. Others to the canteen provided, while many have brought their home-made lunch with them. They gather round the little rivet fires, place their billy-can of water with some tea leaves thrown in, on the fire to boil. At other places in the shops, large coppers of boiling water are provided for the men's use for making their tea or other beverage.

This *al fresco* lunch does not take long to consume, and so a little recreation of various kinds is indulged in. Here, with a roughly made-up ball, if a real one is not available, a game of football is going on, while over there you will see a little card party having a rubber or two to pass the time. Others wander down to the water's side to watch the various types of craft passing up and down the river. Smoking is not allowed, but it has been whispered that one or two apprentices have crawled down one of the stern tube tunnels, or into some other dark recess, for a quiet smoke.

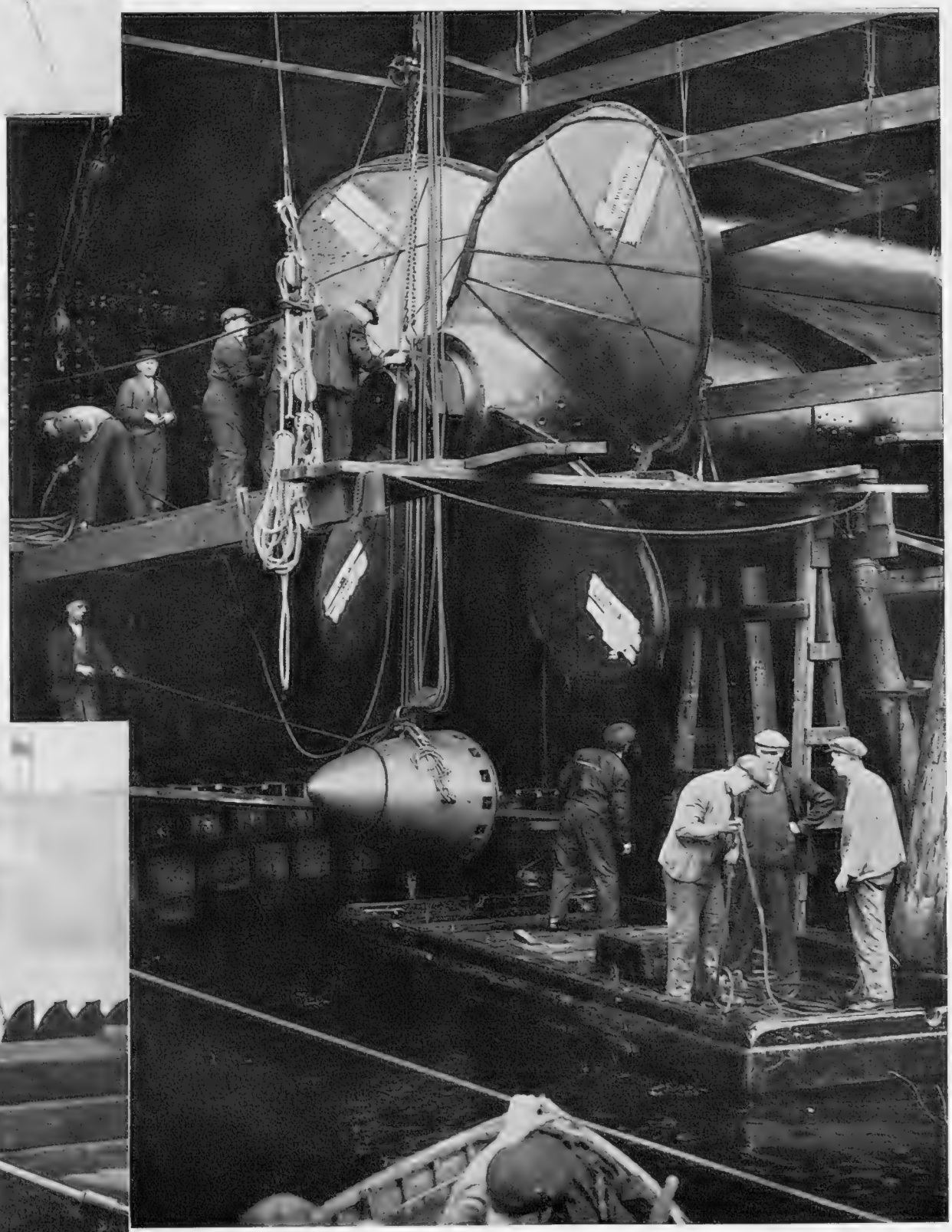
At one o'clock the hooter sounds again, when there is a general sauntering back to their jobs again.

Now let us look in at the drawing office in the main offices building in the yard for a few minutes. A very large and well-lit office, round which big tables are arranged with ample room for laying and handling the many drawings necessary to be consulted while working on the one in hand. Tee squares, set squares and calculating slide rules are the tools in use here.

Over the draughtsman's head figuratively hangs the Damoclean sword of the awful consequences which may result from a single mistaken calculation, or a wrong dimension being put down, often the subject for chaff from the practical men in the workshops. To avoid this possibility every drawing is carefully and separately checked, and it is very rare that a mistake of much consequence arises in so well organized a place as this. The chief draughtsman, on whom much responsibility rests, has of course to be a very highly trained man, both in theory and practice, whether in the shipbuilding or the engineering side of the business.

A peep at the foundry is better taken as the afternoon wears on. They are just ready to run the molten metal into the many moulds that lie all over the floor. The cupola furnace is tapped, and immediately a stream of red-hot metal pours out into a ladle, which is then carried along and emptied into the moulds of special sand in which the pattern has left its impression. There they are allowed to cool down over night, and turned out again when ready. Here is one which, on subsequent examination, has been found to be "spongy," or too porous. The

(Continued on p. 372)



THIRTY-FIVE TONS OF MANGANESE BRONZE: *Left*—Preparing one of the giant propellers for fitting to the hull. It is valued at over £7,000. *Above*—The propeller in position

THE WORLD OF BOOKS : Reviews by Vernon Fane

Some Noteworthy Novels

DOREEN WALLACE, author of *Barnham Rectory*, the Book Society choice for September. The publishers are W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd.

MR. VICTOR GOLLANCZ has an admirable habit of denying a blurb to the reviewer of certain of his books. Usually they are his most important books. In the case of THE SEARCH, by Dr. C. P. Snow (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), he certainly has justification in filling the dust jacket with critical opinions of *New Lives for Old*, a previous novel which the estimable doctor saw fit to publish anonymously. One of these critics, I see, declared his enjoyment in the "sense of contact with the powerful undeclared brain which conceived the story."

I know what he means, for the sense of power in Dr. Snow's writing is that of clear thinking, a quality one might expect in one of the most brilliant young scientists of to-day, but so rare as to be remarkable in a young novelist.

And let us face it; it is something of an achievement to have gained scientific fame at Cambridge at the age of twenty-eight and to be able, at the same time, to turn a mind rigid with the exactitudes of physics to one of the most plastic forms in literature, and bring off such a dramatic triumph as *The Search*. If my friend the critic finds anything "undeclared" in this book, then he is seeking the impossible.

"I had expected some glimmer of his personal insight," says Snow's hero of a hopelessly bad book; "I read novels for that more than anything else." He will be a dull reader who cannot find in *The Search* intellectual honesty plus a deep understanding of the humanities, a sympathy for the causes of human frailties, and, rarest of all, an emotional honesty.

In a foreword Dr. Snow disclaims "concealed autobiography." He needn't have bothered, for who writes anything worth reading but of the world he knows? If he adopts the first person singular, and the teller of his tale is a scientist who begins with his boyish ambitions and ends by renouncing them, who is better equipped to write it than a Doctor of Science? And if the passion and the tragedy of the story centres on the statement that "if false statements are to be allowed, if they are not to be discouraged by every means we have, science will lose its one virtue, truth," our author is surely on his most legitimate ground.

Do not let me give the impression that the story is thus narrowed. The love affairs with Audrey and with Ruth are woven in the same piece, and the ultimate renunciation is as fine a dramatic climax as a novel could have.

This novel should have as profound an effect upon the future of the novel in England as the early works of H. G. Wells. C. P. Snow (I hope he will drop the "Dr." in his future writing career) begins far ahead of where most of his older contemporaries have left off. The book is full of intellectual jolts such as this.

He is discussing a failure; a pain-ridden man. "Our present reverence of the normal owes its origin and support to people of gifts who enviously lack the qualities they attribute to the 'normal'; so that they imagine themselves with all their abnormal sensitivities together with the mating and fighting endowments of their psycho-analytical paleolithic man. That is a childish dream. The higher aberrations demand their price; sometimes, as with Hunt, too big a price; but very often one which takes them far enough from our idealized normal. It would be pleasant to have a Dostoevski who was a cheerful lover and competent with his money; but it is likely that profound, heart-torn insight goes hand in hand with unconscious drives which can only wreck a life; for all the strange, complex spiritual lucidity of Newman's mind there was, perhaps, the inevitable price of chastity venerated like a timid girl; the selfless courage of E. A. Wilson was linked with a faith of rigid narrowness and harsh asceticism; on the same life-path, T. E. Lawrence conquered Arabia and retired to his monastery. They were none of them normal, in any sense at all; for myself, I should accept that, and still feel the world would have been poorer if they had not lived."

There is something that needed saying, and it is one of many such in the course of this story. As a novel it has its imperfections, but it reveals a writer who, if he goes on, is destined to be of profound importance to-day and to-morrow.

Another Gollancz book, PENANG APPOINTMENT (7s. 6d.), is announced as being written by the publishers' deputy-chairman, and the publishers modestly add that they will wait until the reviewers speak before they give their own opinion.

I can say with some pleasure that their caution was unnecessary, because Mr. Norman Collins has written an extraordinarily entertaining novel. The story is of a man who is sailing to the East to take up an appointment as principal of a school in Penang, and the whole of the action takes place on a rather down-at-heel steamer on its way out from Tilbury. Except for the beautiful heroine, who was convent bred (and seems to be a deliberately insipid creation), the passengers were as shoddy as the ship, but actively disturbing enough to make Stephen MacFadyen commit the only act of violence in his life, and kill one of the most unpleasant of them. Even if the heroine, for one reader, never seemed to deserve the love, even of a bad man, let alone a good one, and a magnificent diamond ring besides, the story is full of action, atmosphere and good character studies, and is, as I have said, grand entertainment.

It would be stupid to assume that Miss Doris Leslie had never read *The Old Wives Tale* and that her new novel, FULL FLAVOUR (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) is not all the better for it. Indeed there is more than one popular but ponderous writer who has attempted the same thing and who, in the period she chooses, might well take a lesson from Miss Leslie in the art of suggesting the contemporary scene correctly, unaggressively, and charmingly.

The story is of a girl who undertakes, from the age of eighteen, to run the cigar business which her father has left to her family. She makes a success of it, introduces the first cheroots into England, and sells some of the first cigarettes ever seen in this now gasper-ridden land. Side by side, and dominated by her business life, is the life of her affections, in which she is hardly as fortunate, and to which, one might almost say, there are three unhappy endings. Yet it is not an unhappy book, but one of charm, full of life and vigour.

Another book I enjoyed reading was Mr. Douglas Goldring's TO PORTUGAL (Rich and Cowan. 12s. 6d.). I do not put it in the first rank as a travel book, for the author takes an all too conscious literary attitude to his subject, yet it is full of the fascination of a country which I, for one, have always wanted to visit, and I am duly grateful. Some of the photographic illustrations are really beautiful.

If realism is representation without idealization, as my dictionary tells me, then Mr. Jack Conroy is a great realist, and his book THE DISINHERITED (Wishart. 7s. 6d.) is an important and rather startling document. The fact that it is an exposé of industrial America from the point of view of a down-and-out might lessen its interest for some people; but it is a piece of clear and forceful writing, disillusioned and well worth reading.

Almost the exact opposite of this book is THE CURATE'S WIFE (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.), the kind of novel which is always described as quiet.

Miss E. H. Young, however, is anything but usual. She has a long list of novels to her credit, and a very individual and dignified style. This story of parochial passions—for there is nothing tame about the town of Radstowe—is seen from the point of view of a girl who marries into its environment and keeps the clarity of her perceptions unaltered. The result is sometimes tragic, and sometimes very funny indeed. *The Curate's Wife*, in other words, is Miss E. H. Young at her delightful best.

If you like thrillers, THE BOWSTRING MURDERS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is well worth your notice as good of its kind. Its construction is a piece of competence; it has all the requisite climaxes, and a thrill at the end of every chapter. Mr. Carter Dickson writes like an old hand at this kind of thing. Perhaps he is an old hand: there seems to be no end to the industry and ingenuity of detective story writers nowadays.

LEAN MEN (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is the first novel of the Spanish Revolution of 1931 that I have read, and it was the more interesting for that. Mr. Ralph Bates has already had a book of short stories published with some success, and this book should consolidate his reputation as a thoughtful and discerning writer.

He is an acute observer rather than an inspired commentator, but he has written an exceptional book and achieved a lasting picture of the class struggle in Catalonia and of the friction between the Communists and those Spaniards who, being Spaniards, could never be anything else but born individualists.

Who is Mr. Joseph Shearing? His latest novel, MOSS ROSE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), reveals once more his taste for historical research into famous crimes. This time it is the case of the German pastor of apparently unimpeachable character who, in 1868, was arrested for the murder of a woman of the streets, who had been done to death in a peculiarly horrible fashion. He had been seen with the girl on the night of the murder; the evidence against him was formidable. Public feeling ran high at the time, but with the aid of a skilful defence he got off, was awarded compensation and a public apology by the Prime Minister. *Moss Rose* continues the drama into an amazing and highly creditable sequel. At this kind of book Mr. Shearing is undoubtedly a master. Moreover, Mr. Shearing is a descriptive writer of the first rank. I believe that his name cloaks a distinguished literary identity.

On page 372 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

"MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSING THE MEMBERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB": A reproduction from a water colour drawing by Charles Green, R.I., which was sold recently at Sotheby's for £30

A REFUGE FOR MOUNTAINEERS

Amid Alpine Snows

A CEREMONY ABOVE THE CLOUDS: The scene at the inauguration of a new refuge which has been built at a height of over 10,000 ft., on the way to the summit of Mont Blanc. The hut has its own electric light plant and has accommodation for about fifty people

EUROPE'S LOVELIEST WOMEN

Forgather at Hastings

BEAUTIES AND THE BEAST: The fifteen beauty queens who have gathered at Hastings this week to compete for the title of Miss Europe, passing through the town on a decorated car surmounted by an enormous black cat. The winner and four runners-up will then go to Santiago, Chili, for the Miss Universe contest

A MARRIAGE TANGLE: Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen (left), Cyril Raymond and Gladys Cooper (right) — the couples whose meeting results in disaster in Keith Winter's play, *The Shining Hour*, which was presented at the St. James' this week

STAGE and SCREEN

reviewed by

PHILIP PAGE

TWO SIDES OF A TRIANGLE: Mrs. Linden (Adrianne Allen) and her sister-in-law (Gladys Cooper). They both love the same man. Result—the former is driven to suicide and the latter is blamed for it. Another scene from *The Shining Hour*

ANYONE who is interested in the problem of how and why so many of our young intellectuals have "gone native" should visit *Blackbirds* at the Coliseum. There are other reasons for seeing this entertainment, the chief being that, on the whole, it entertains. But those who preach the supremacy of negro art, negro rhythm, and negro humour without having been any nearer Harlem than Harlesden, should relish what is undoubtedly the real thing.

London has not been amused by negroes, except sporadically, for about a decade. I recall *Dover Street to Dixie* at the London Pavilion, when the "white trash" did their stuff before the audience had warmed itself up in the interval, and Dixie had by far the best of it.

Blackbirds cuts out Dover Street altogether. Although the bare legs of some of the chorus girls are as pale as those of any of Mr. Cochran's Young Blondes, all are of the coloured race, some of the men being so anxious to paint the lily, as it were, that they black up in addition. Bottles of a preparation known as "wet white" are sold by the thousand to European members of the theatrical profession, and I see no reason why "wet black" should not also be on the market.

My favourite among the "blackbirds" is the biggest and, apparently, the blackest—Mr. Tim Moore. Mr. Moore is an unctuous type of comedian with a voice that is good to listen to and a manner that is better still. He is an invaluable asset to a revue which in other respects is almost wholly lacking in humour. His comic portrayal of terror in a graveyard—for, as in *Hamlet*, there's a jolly old scene in a graveyard—is subtlety itself.

I liked, too, hearing him explain in a prologue to a burlesque on Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*, how the natives revolted and refused to pay oppressive income-tax because, being only savages, they didn't know any better. The remainder of the sketches were poor; one of them, "Ladies," turns on puerile smut and should be dropped altogether.

The trump card is rhythm, and this, doubtless, is what fascinates the aforementioned intellectuals who seem to imagine that complicated syncopation is of exclusively negroid origin, and who certainly forget that a composer called Schumann evolved syncopation more amazing than anything that ever came out of West Africa or Harlem—or ever will. Still, the rhythm of *Blackbirds* is very good indeed, and the dancing first-rate.

I have never seen better tap-dancing than that of four youths dressed as sailors, or more astounding rhythmic gyrations than those of Mr. Nyas Berry.

There is also a one-legged dancer, Mr. Peg Leg Bates, who can do a variety of brilliant things with his one leg and a stump. I will not echo Dr. Johnson's "Would to God it were impossible!" though some squeamish people near me seemed to find this turn a trifle painful to watch. Mr. Bates himself (who, incidentally, has his living to earn) did not seem to worry and, the most genial of negroes, told the audience that if they applauded much more he would go out and break the other leg.

George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* I have long ventured to consider a piece of pretentious nonsense, in spite of its popularity. From the musical point of view it is not improved, though it is made funnier, at the Coliseum by being sung by negroes and negresses in blue surplices and by being conducted, with quite unnecessary vigour and detail, by Miss Valaida, the coloured leading lady.

Since Sir Thomas Beecham, Toscanini, Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald, Dr. Bruno Walter, Herr Weingartner, Dr. Furtwangler, M. Pierre Monteux, and others manage to conduct rather more important music than this with an ordinary baton, I am wondering why Miss Valaida should have needed a jewelled one. For the rest Miss Valaida does quite a number of other things well, though sometimes at too great a length.

ENID CRUIKSHANK AS QUEEN ELIZABETH in *Merrie England*, which is being revived at the Princes Theatre

"Private Road."—*Private Road*, that amusing and successful little play at the Comedy, has blossomed into a "second edition." The important part of the amorous schoolmaster is now taken by Mr. Shaun Glenville, to whom this type of work is surely a novelty, for he has made his reputation as Widow Twankey, Robinson Crusoe's mother, one of Cinderella's ugly sisters, and so forth—parts, by the way, not all easy to play as well as he plays them. Mr. Glenville has adapted himself extraordinarily well. Mr. Leslie Styles, who plays "straight comedy" with as much ease and polish as if he had been at it twenty years (and he hasn't) is another valuable member of the cast.

But Miss Dorothy Dickson remains as the strongest attraction of all—a delightful actress in a delightful play.

The Harlow - Loos Combination.—When I noticed on bus-tops the words "Harlow 100% Pure" I imagined that a small town in Essex, whose air I know to be both untainted and salubrious, had started to spend money on advertising and to throw its weight about a bit.

But no. The reference was to the sveltest and platinumest of svelte and platinum blondes, Miss Jean Harlow, whose sole connection with her namesake in bricks and mortar is that both own a bathing-pool.

The scenario of *100% Pure* having been written by Miss Anita Loos, it is natural that she should have preferred a blonde as its heroine. This story is far from being one of Miss Loos's best efforts, but 'twill serve. It is strangely unsophisticated for the Harlow-Loos combination, for the heroine's "gold-digging" has as its object the achievement of a home, babies, etc., and not the life so erroneously described as being worse than death. She seems to have a shot at several millionaires—in the figurative sense only—without losing "that which is every woman's priceless possession" (*vide* the title), and finally she lands the son of one of them. Presumably the richest.

Miss Harlow could not make an unsympathetic part sympathetic; but she is a good actress, and if she does not suggest 100 per cent. purity she suggests at least 95 per cent. efficiency. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's genius is wasted. Mr. Franchot Tone's good looks come in uncommonly useful. If there is any satire here I missed it.

NOW IN NEW YORK: Derek Oldham, the popular tenor, who is touring the United States with the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company

Cecchetti.—The death of M. Cecchetti, the dancer and dancing master, at the age of eighty-two, breaks a link with the remote past in ballet history. If he was not dancing when Taglioni was dancing he was dancing when Taglioni was alive, and I have been told that the two actually met.

London remembers him during that memorable first visit of the Diaghileff troupe in pre-war times, when Adolf Bolm and Nijinsky were at their prime. He was a veteran then. It is difficult, therefore, for the present generation to judge Cecchetti purely as a dancer. But as a mime he was incomparable. He could be extremely funny, and he could also be terrifying, as he was when he played the Evil Magician in Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*. As for his genius as a teacher, one has only to point to the greatest of his pupils, Pavlova the incomparable. He also arranged ballets cleverly; but he was something of a "die-hard," and had little sympathy with modern eccentricities.

Recent developments prove how right Cecchetti was, for Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes, the legitimate successors of the Diaghileff troupe, are relying more on the classical and spectacular ballets of a quarter of a century ago. When they return to Covent Garden after the opera season next summer, they will revive such old favourites as *Schcherazade* (in which Cecchetti was in every sense immense as the Chief Eunuch) and *Tamar* Karsavina's greatest triumph.

A large percentage of the new ballets perish after one season. One must, of course, tread new ground; when a ballet organization ceases to create it loses one of its functions. But pioneer work, particularly of the wild type, should not be indulged in at the expense of acknowledged masterpieces. It was this policy that was largely responsible for the falling-off of the Diaghileff company in the last phase of its existence.

There will be ballet in London before the return of the Russians. The Vic-Wells ballet can put up a remarkably good show and also "create." The best of their creations in recent years has been Mr. Geoffrey Toye's *The Haunted Ballroom*, which is conventional in the best sense of being free from absurdities and contains some tuneful music, ballet music at its best. It would be a graceful compliment, and something more, if this ballet could be danced by the Russians at Covent Garden. British ballets have been Russianized before now, notably *The Triumph of Neptune*, designed by the Sitwells and composed by Lord Berners.

I am interested in the official revelation by the Vic-Wells organization that while opera draws larger audiences at Sadler's Wells than at the Old Vic, drama draws larger audiences at the Old Vic than at Sadler's Wells. This looks at first sight as if Rosebery Avenue is more musical than the New Cut, and the New Cut more dramatic in its tastes than Rosebery Avenue. However, the two theatres in question are patronized only to a small extent by the localities in which they are situated; so the mystery, such as it is, must remain unsolved.

In future, opera will, in the main, be performed at the "Wells," and drama, with Miss Mary Newcomb as the new Shakespearian leading lady, at the Old Vic. Which will at least save trouble and expense in the transport of scenery.

FILMS Mainly in the Making

UNDER CAMERA "FIRE": Shooting a scene on the *Iron Duke* at Portsmouth for the naval drama, *For Ever England*, which Gaumont British are producing with the co-operation of the Admiralty. *Left*—A SAILOR AND HIS SWEETHEART: Jimmie Hanley and Kathleen Joyce who have leading parts in *For Ever England*

HULBERT ON HORSEBACK: The inimitable Jack and his Arab steed in *The Camels are Coming*

"THE CAMELS ARE COMING": Harold Huth, Anna Lee, and the Sphinx, in the new Gainsborough picture starring Jack Hulbert. Some of the "shots" have been made in Egypt and some at the Islington studios

THE RISE AND FALL OF A PRIMA DONNA: Emlyn Williams and Evelyn Laye in the screen version of Beverley Nichols' successful play, *Evensong*, which will shortly be shown in the West End. The story is popularly supposed to be based on the life of Melba

FAME AT FOURTEEN: Nova Pilbeam, the young star of *Little Friend*—a Gaumont British production which is drawing large audiences to the New Gallery. The film depicts the mental torture endured by a sensitive girl whose parents are always quarrelling and who, after being forced to give evidence in the Divorce Court, attempts to commit suicide

FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

Contemporary Interpretations of Luxury Modes of the Past

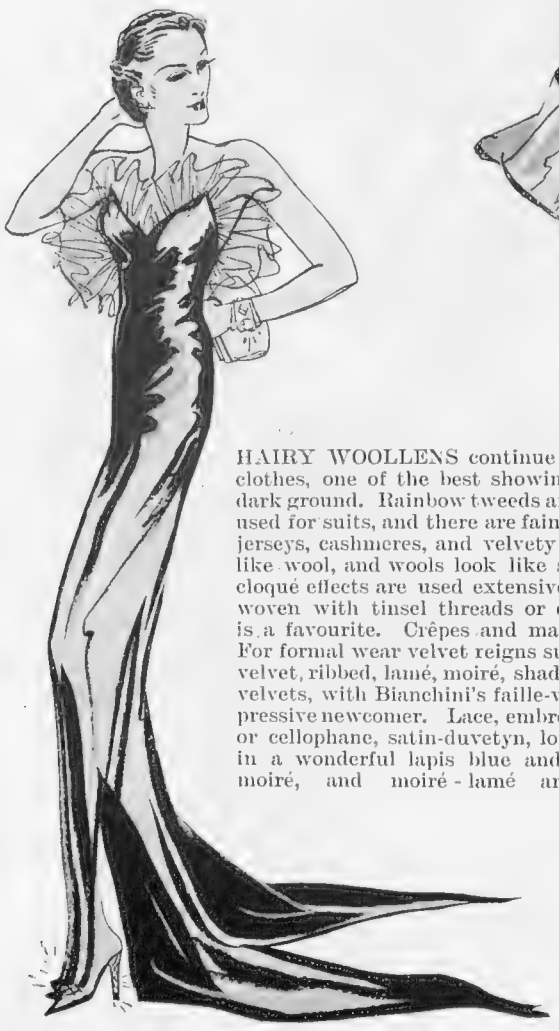
1914 has inspired many designers — notably Mainbocher, Molyneux, and Lucille Paray. So if you have regretted your hips prepare now to rejoice in them! This dress is made in prune-coloured wool velours, with a pistache georgette sash

Stronger than any other influence is the Russian, which can be traced in practically every collection, particularly in Heim's and Marcel Rochas'. Long coats are narrow-waisted and full-skirted, with high fur collars, and suits are slender and débonair

FABRICS, RICH AND COLOURFUL, gleaming with tinsel threads, as soft and smooth as a bird's breast, or regal in the stately beauty of their stiff folds, Paris has surpassed herself this autumn in her choice of all that is luxurious and romantic. She has turned back the pages of the past, and, steeping herself in the atmosphere of all the most lavish eras in history, has let their influence permeate the collections which have just been shown and which, in most cases, were larger and more ambitious than ever. By day the Russian influence predominates, with memories of 1914 in *robes d'après-midi*, and some directoire suits. At night, the directoire again, with *robes de style* from Medieval Italy, demure mid-Victorian frocks, and some Egyptian hip draperies. Schiaparelli does a cone silhouette; several houses do a bell silhouette, but in the main a neatly-tailored line, fundamentally straight and slender and just a little severe, is generally sponsored

RUSSIAN COATS come first, some with astrachan collars cupping the chin and others with bands of fur round the neck and down the side fastening to the hem. Other coats are long and slender, with pointed or dolman sleeves and wide fox collars. Side fastenings are popular. Coats do not match the dresses they accompany. These are very simple, with high necks, draped or finished with jabots, bias-cut skirts, narrow belts, and either curved sleeves shaped to the wrist or sleeves which gradually grow wider below the elbow. Beautiful colour contrasts are evolved, such as grey with violet-blue, and jade with amethyst. Suits have loose jackets — hip length, half or seven-eighths length. Many are waisted, some like riding habits. Skirts are incredibly slender, with brief slits at the front or the side, or godets across the back. Daytime colours: smoky greys and browns, chestnut browns, green, crushed grape, lots of black. Evening colours: violet, water-tint green, apricot, purple, black

Schiaparelli's moire evening dress with a real hoop beneath the skirt. It is mauve with a garnet-coloured cape in crushed velvet



HAIRY WOOLLENS continue to be popular for day clothes, one of the best showing rainbow hairs on a dark ground. Rainbow tweeds and Donegal tweeds are used for suits, and there are faintly patterned angoras, jerseys, cashmeres, and velvety woollens. Silks look like wool, and wools look like silk. Corrugated and cloqué effects are used extensively. Wools are interwoven with tinsel threads or cellophane. Duvetyn is a favourite. Crêpes and marocains for afternoon. For formal wear velvet reigns supreme. Uncrushable velvet, ribbed, lamé, moiré, shaded, frosted, and cotton velvets, with Bianchini's faille-velvet as the most impressive newcomer. Lace, embroidered with paillettes or cellophane, satin-duvetyn, lots of lamé—especially in a wonderful lapis blue and in gunmetal—satin, moiré, and moiré-lamé are evening winners

The streamline silhouette inspired by directoire modes. Both Heim and Molyneux do dresses like this, held up by will power for they have no visible means of support

BY NIGHT you may be streamlined, if your figure should not be hidden, or you may go all romantic in a perfect "Little Woman" dress or in one of Maggy Rouff's magnificent *robes de style*. Décolletés have grown more modest, if the area exposed is the standard by which such things are judged; trains nearly always have twin points and are longer; the directoire slit is a necessity because otherwise one would not be able to walk; and the shoulder line is often widened, or it rises in Winged Victory points. Capes are seen more frequently than coats, which are invariably long and important

We are hearing a lot about the "Little Women" vogue. Maggy Rouff does it, and here is one of her models in heavy slipper satin and velvet. So does almost everybody else!

Personalities in the Limelight

PARENTAL PRIDE: Jessica Tandy, the young actress who scored such a success in *Children in Uniform*, with her husband, Jack Hawkins, and her newly-born daughter

"PEELS" OF LAUGHTER: Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) and her thirteen-year-old son, Robert, who is going to Harrow next term. He is a keen cricketer

DANCING AT THE DORCHESTER: Wanda Allen, an attractive member of the *Midnight Follies*. The show continued throughout August, an experiment that proved highly successful

YOUNG SOCIETY: *Left*—A delightful study of the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger. She is a god-child of Prince George. *Right*—Lady Mary Dunn and her daughter, Serena Mary

JOYA: A talented dancer who has joined the cast at the Windmill Theatre

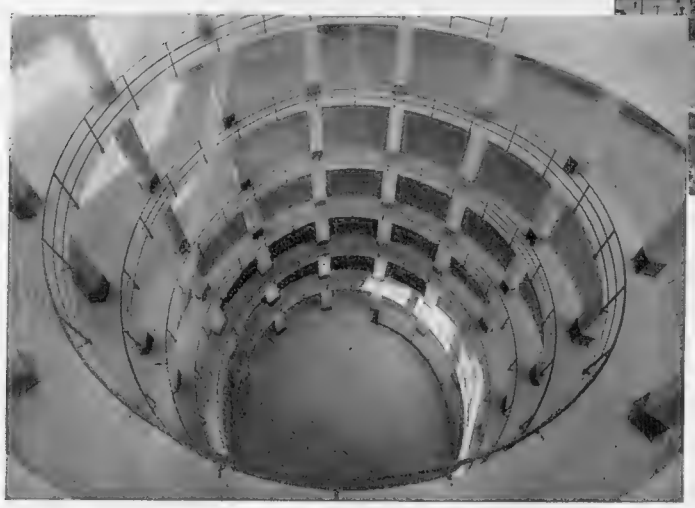
TAP DANCING EXPERTS: The Espinosas, who will shortly be entertaining at the Piccadilly Hotel

BLONDE LOVELINESS: Frances Day as she appears in the new Gainsborough film *Oh Daday!*

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)



THE MODERN WHIRL: The spiral ramp which affords easy access to all the floors of the Garage Littorio

A GARAGE TERMINUS IN VENICE: A view of the Garage Littorio in the city where, till recently, motor cars were unknown. It is situated in Piazza Roma, the terminus of the great road bridge which connects Mestre on the mainland with the island city

Since the middle of August the new programmes of 1935 models have been appearing at a bewildering rate of speed. In fact it is a little difficult to keep up with the announcements, but to sum up the situation it is fairly accurate to say that the new season's models are in effect those which have done such good service this year with certain detailed improvements and additions. No radical change of design has been announced, and this is not surprising. Speaking generally, cars during 1934 have attained to a wonderful degree of perfection and, what is probably more satisfactory, prices have been down at a very low level. This latter point is one of the chief reasons why factories are unwilling to make any radical changes even if they were called for. In order to make the low prices in any way profitable large outputs must be assured, and although most firms did increased business during this season it is desirable still from a financial point of view to keep production working on almost the same lines for at least another year.

The Austin programme is chiefly remarkable for the inclusion of synchro-mesh second gears. Speaking personally, I consider that this is an improvement which will be generally approved by the public. I think in most cars before the advent of synchro-mesh and other similar devices, the changes from third to top and from top to third were the easiest that the straight gear-box gave, so that a synchro-mesh third by itself is not nearly enough to simplify matters for the average driver. Austins are, therefore, to be congratulated on once again making motoring easier.

A number of improvements have been added to Rover cars for 1935. Amongst these is automatic chassis lubrication and an automatic thermostat. When these two desirable features are added to those which were already existing in the 1934 cars—and I would mention the free-wheel, silent gear-box, harmonic stabilizer, flexibly mounted engine, easy jacking system, clutchless gear-change—it is not difficult to imagine that motoring on the new Rovers will be a fairly simple but enjoyable experience. Several alterations have been made in Rover coachwork, the net result being that the new cars are far more comfortable and more graceful than ever before.

I doubt whether any manufacturer has had a more satisfactory year of business than the Standard Motor Company. The programme for the new season is practically unaltered. One car in particular strikes me as being out of the ordinary. This is a Speed Ten-Twelve H.P. model. In outward appearance it looks just like one of the ordinary touring Tens with a four-door saloon body, but under the bonnet there is a Twelve engine—not the ordinary one but a unit specially tuned having twin-carburettors. The result is that a real 70 m.p.h. can be obtained and the acceleration is remarkable. The owner of such a car can really have some fun when motoring, for the car looks perfectly innocent yet it is a real mile-eater.

At the moment of writing the Morris programme is not in my possession, but in view of the entire reorganization of the Morris factory, which now is no longer interested in mass production, but in specialization, we may expect something really startling from the Cowley and allied works. Whilst touching on the Morris programme, I would like to mention that the new 8-h.p. Morris models are being designed on an entirely new principle. Instead of making the chassis first and then designing bodies to mount on them, the coachwork has first of all had attention from the designers, and then the chassis has been made to fit the superstructure. Naturally, the result of this procedure is to create a car which has the maximum room and comfort for its occupants.

The 25,000th Riley Nine was one of a number of cars which were shown privately in London the other day. The famous Riley Nine was introduced in 1927, and in its essentials it has not been radically altered. A new 1½-litre 4-cylinder car is to be included in the programme for 1935. A new 9-h.p. model has also been announced, and it takes the form of an open two-seater that is particularly suitable for competition work. This car will be known as the "Imp." The cubic capacity of the engine is the same as that of the usual Riley Nine, but the wheel-base has been reduced to 7 ft. 6 in., which is a shortening of 1 ft. 4 in. The car is capable of a speed of 70 m.p.h.

In connection with the inauguration of the 1935 programmes of Humber and Hillman cars, a most interesting and comprehensive display, including a range of Commer commercial vehicles, will be held at Devonshire House from Thursday, September 13, until Saturday, September 15. This display will afford a unique opportunity of seeing the many detail improvements and refinements which have been incorporated in the new models. There will be much that will interest present and prospective motorists.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-CYCLING: A picture taken during the International six-day race through the Allgau to Oberstaufen, showing the climb to Hagspiel. On right is Robbins of England (Triumph) leading Winkler of Germany (D.K.W.)

The Minister of Transport has instituted a silence regulation in the Metropolis, and I think it is about the only order that the present Minister has made or suggested that has met with general approval. I think it will not only give the necessary and desirable degree of silence for which it was framed, but it will also tend to make motorists more careful and will probably have the same effect on all other road users. I am glad to see that the police have been instructed not to be too severe at first on offenders, for it shows that the authorities recognize that it is not too easy for any human being to break a habit suddenly. If some careless walker suddenly steps in front of one's car the natural instinct of a driver is to press the electric horn button. I would like to see makers fit a time-operated switch which would throw this button out of action. It would be a valuable fitment and in the course of time would undoubtedly save a considerable sum of money which might otherwise have to be paid in fines.

Ever since motoring started right up to to-day one of the first questions asked by a magistrate when dealing with an accident is, "Did the driver sound his horn?" If he did not, then things usually look fairly black. If before 11.30 p.m. we are to be censured for not blowing our hooters, and after that hour we are to be fined if we do, the motorists' position is not an enviable one. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the administrators of the law will cease to ask this rather absurd question. Motorists after 11.30 p.m. in London will not now be able to drive on the horn, which is all to the good. I only wish that we could have a regulation that brakes were not to be used, for then we should have even safer motoring, for far too many drivers drive on their brakes, and when efficiency has dropped accidents happen. I noticed in London shortly after the order was put into force, that motorists were driving with their head-lamps lit. This is a most reprehensible practice in well-lighted streets, and if it is unchecked we shall have a whole crop of unnecessary accidents due to dazzling.

Most motorists now carry the insurance certificate with them in some safe place on their vehicles, but to those who have not yet acquired the habit the Automobile Association issues a special holiday warning. The driver of a motor vehicle may at any time be requested by a police constable to produce his insurance certificate, otherwise he is required to take it in person to any police station within five days. On several occasions A.A. members, unable to produce the certificate while on tour, have had to curtail their holiday and return home to get the certificate, which was locked up in an empty house. Such an unfortunate contingency is avoided if the insurance certificate is carried on the car or in the toolbag of a motor-cycle.

In connection with the large number of warnings and summonses that have been issued by the police recently to motorists for offences relating to traffic light signals, the R.A.C. has carried out a large number of observations at various points. It is the view of the club that the true function of the traffic light signal is not properly appreciated by many drivers. The presence of a traffic light must be taken as an indication of a corner or cross-road carrying a heavy volume of traffic. It should, therefore, in itself constitute a warning and even when the green light is showing should be approached with caution.

If this were done the difficulty experienced by certain drivers of pulling up when the green changes to amber would practically never arise. Further, it is not generally understood that when only the amber light is showing the next change is always to red.

One of the many important services to R.A.C. members carried out by the club engineers' department is the inspection of second-hand cars for members prior to purchase, and the inspection of cars after an accident or breakdown. For the convenience of members, the R.A.C. has appointed engineers in the following provincial towns: Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Nottingham, Southampton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast. Inspections in the home counties are carried out from R.A.C. headquarters in London.

A 1935 STANDARD "NINE" outside the picturesque Abbots Grange Cottages. Graceful lines and general roominess are features of this model

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BIG CATCHES—SMALL RETURNS

(Continued from p. 354)

France, Germany, or Australia did. But the main point is that Norway may have a better case than has yet been presented on this side of the North Sea.

The 3-mile limit originated from an understanding between England and the U.S. in 1818, since when similar conventions have been signed by us with many other countries. But Norway has never agreed to sign any such agreement and has for 200 years and more insisted on fixing the limit along her coast at four miles. A dozen other countries have also refuted the 3-mile idea, and do so still, some claiming as far as six miles. The special reason Norway holds out has to do with the sinuosities of her coastline which is all bays and archipelagoes. There is more in it even than that. The Norwegians point out that the local coast population depends almost entirely on the near-at-hand fisheries; that our descent on these waters has only been of quite recent occurrence consequent upon other fishings having been either prohibited or denuded; and, thirdly, that a live fear prevails that in a few years of intensive fishing by us, these vital coast waters will likewise be fished out—in fact, are rapidly being so at the present time.

So our Norse friends (and they are such) ask for fair play while not moving a jot from their sovereign rights. Why should they? We are in no sacrosanct position to lay down 3-mile limits for people all over the world. If we can negotiate them that is another matter. On the other hand Norway would have to abide rigorously by the terms of any new agreement, which she conspicuously has not done in the past. If we agreed to four miles, then four miles it would have to be, and not an inch farther—ever. Also, past injustices would have to be righted, and justice itself rendered watertight for the future.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF No. 534

(Continued from p. 363)

foreman is asked to come and see it. Perhaps it may be possible to weld up the defective part, or if not, then a decision has to be obtained from the manager for scrapping this one and having another made to replace it.

At the present stage of construction of the ship there is probably little doing in some of the other branches, such as the woodworking shops, but we might look in at the machine shops. Here is an automatic machine making large quantities of a certain small bolt. The attendant is not necessarily a skilled man, he may be a boy, or it may be a man operating more than one machine. A long bar of steel is fed in at one end of the machine. As it passes slowly through it is screwed, shaped, cut off, and dropped into the bin alongside, thousands of such parts being made with one setting of the machine, every one exactly alike.

Finishing up with the Counting House we see scores of clerks and typists, a familiar enough sight to most people, who have started work at 9 a.m., hurrying to get those letters off for the night's mail as the whistle is about to blow. There it goes, 5.30, and there is a general scramble all over the yard to rush to the gates. They are all in a slightly greater haste to get out than they were to come in. A rush for the bus, train, or tram. The clanging of hammers and the hum of the machines dies down, and soon the yard is left to the night watchmen and the cleaners. And so our day is done.

HOLLAND AND HER TRAFFIC PROBLEM

(Continued from p. 358)

bicycles when very young. They are trick cyclists by the time they have reached their eighth birthday. It is therefore important to have the rules and usages of the road thoroughly drilled into them at a very early age. The great thing, according to the inspector, is to create in the people the proper traffic habits.

Another interesting move in the direction of educating the public has been the preparation and general exhibition of a cinematograph film illustrating the dangers of the road, and instructing pedestrians in the proper use of the road. This film, produced by the traffic police and the principal motoring and bicycling associations of Holland, working together, has been very cleverly made up. It had a general release throughout the whole country, and was shown in practically every cinema of any consequence.

It is difficult, of course, to judge with any sort of precision the results of these efforts. But it is definitely a fact that, in proportion to the population, and considering the special difficulties which confront Dutch traffic, Holland has reason to congratulate herself on the comparatively low rate of road accidents.

And here are a few more figures: there are 15,533 miles of motor roads in Holland, an increase of 1,200 miles over the last five years. In 1933 there were 85,400 light car owners, 3,814 motor buses, and just over 49,000 motor lorries. In addition to that, remember those bicycles—over two million of them. Finally, the following comparative figures, showing fatal road accidents over 1933 are interesting (the figures are per 100,000 inhabitants):—Amsterdam, 6·3; London, 17·1; Birmingham, 15·7; Liverpool, 9·2; Leeds, 15·7; Berlin, 7·6; Hamburg, 8·5; Munich, 9·8; Leipzig, 7·6; Hanover, 7·9; Paris, 8·9; Rome, 8·9; Stockholm, 4·5.

Roy Elston

A BOOK LIST

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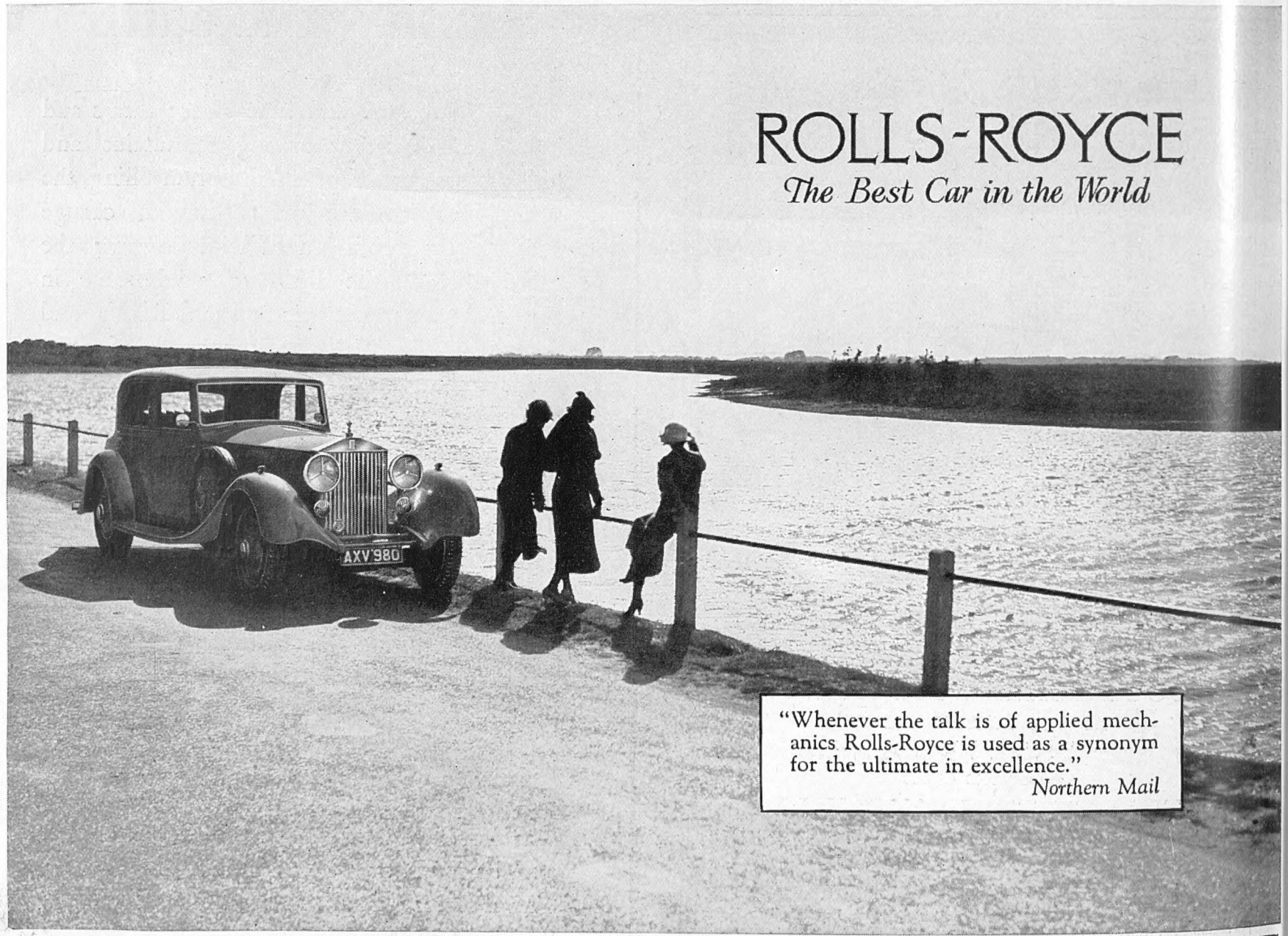

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., Germany (Jamaica).—The island of Jamaica is ideal for a winter resort, and its climate is reputed to be superior to that of any of the other West Indies Islands. The climate is warm, dry, and sunny, the average temperature in Kingston during January being 89 degrees F. At the various hill resorts it is somewhat cooler. The scenery is very beautiful, and you will find plenty of English people there. Mandeville particularly has a very large colony of retired English people. The Libera Triestina Line have a monthly sailing from Barcelona to Havana, Cuba, from where you could make the short crossing to Kingston by one of the United Fruit Line boats. The Libera Triestina boats are primarily cargo boats and do not carry very many passengers, though the accommodation is very comfortable. Otherwise you could take one of the Pacific Steam Navigation boats from Santander to Havana.

M., Wilts (Italy and Sicily).—The season at Taormina lasts from the end of October to the end of May, the most pleasant months in which to make a visit being February, March, or April. Its warm, dry, sunny, and equable winter climate has made it particularly popular with English people. A good quiet hotel is the Villa Diodoro. Rapallo can be said to be delightful at any time of year, though for choice, spring is the best time for a visit. A good many people winter there, while it has also a summer season. The winter climate is not, of course, as warm as that of Taormina. A quiet hotel in Rapallo is the Bristol.

P., Yorks. (Cruise).—With regard to tipping when on a cruise the best rule is to distribute 10 per cent of the cost of the ticket between the various members of the staff. The wine steward you will, of course, tip in proportion to the amount of the bill, which he will present to you on the last day of the cruise. For a Mediterranean cruise during the first three weeks of October the minimum amount of clothing to take would be as follows: a warm sports dress which can be worn the first two days out, a warm but light-weight coat, a close-fitting hat or cap for deck wear, and a close-fitting linen or straw hat, with a shady brim, a pair of rope- or rubber-soled white shoes for deck wear, and a pair of very comfortable shoes for making shore excursions; four or five washing dresses, an afternoon dress and three or four evening gowns and a wrap. A woollen cardigan is also a most useful thing to take.

H., Lincs. (short cruises). — Two thirteen-days cruises are those of the *Samaria* of the Cunard Line and the *Montcalm* of the Canadian Pacific Line, both of which commence on September 29. The *Samaria* sails from London for a cruise to Gibraltar, Spain, and Morocco, while the *Montcalm* sails from Liverpool for a cruise to Morocco, Majorca, and Spain. Fares on the latter range from £12, and on the *Samaria* from 15 guineas.

P., Belfast (Spain). — We do not think you would enjoy a visit to San Sebastian or any neighbouring resort during October. You would find it too cold to bathe, and the towns themselves are deserted as regards visitors after the end of September. Sitges is a very nice resort on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, a few miles from Barcelona, while the lovely island of Majorca is but an over-night crossing from Barcelona. One does not pass through Madrid en route from Paris to Barcelona, but you could, of course, make the journey via Madrid, though it would be more expensive.

McQ., Ayrshire (England).—Spas in England suitable for a winter sojourn are Cheltenham, Droitwich, and Bath. Torquay, though not a spa, has an exceptionally mild winter climate, and as you like plenty of entertainment you would be well supplied in that respect in Torquay. The Channel Islands can also be recommended for the winter months, and you would find plenty of quiet social life there, for many English people winter there regularly.

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